

THE LIVING AGE.

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... We devote a considerable part of this number to a very full article from The North British Review (and probably by the Editor, Dr. Chalmers' Son-in-Law) upon a man who filled a large space in the public mind within our remembrance. Perhaps our readers may fancy some connection between the "Speaking in Unknown Tongues" in Mr. Irving's church, and the "Spiritual Rappings" under Tables in our own day. "The Prodigal Son" will be concluded in the next number.

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CHAPTER III.

THE Christmas holidays ended, and Ascott left for London. It was the greatest household change the Misses Leaf had known for years, and they missed him sorely. Ascott was not exactly a lovable boy, and yet, after the fashion of womankind, his aunts were both fond and proud of him; fond, in their childless old-maidenhood, of any sort of nephew, and proud, unconsciously, that the said nephew was a big fellow, who could look over all their heads, besides being handsome and pleasant-mannered, and though not clever enough to set the Thames on fire, still sufficiently bright to make them hope that in his future the family star might again rise.

There was something pathetic in these three women's idealization of him—even Selina's, who though quarrelling with him to his face always praised him behind his back—that great, good-looking, lazy lad; who, everybody else saw clearly enough, thought more of his own noble self than of all his aunts put together. The only person he stood in awe of was Mr. Lyon—for whom he always protested unbounded respect and admiration. How far Robert Lyon liked Ascott even Hilary could never quite find out; but he was always very kind to him.

There was one person in the house who, strange to say, did not succumb to the all-dominating youth. From the very first there was a smouldering feud between him and Elizabeth. Whether she overheard, and slowly began to comprehend his mocking gibes about the "South Sea Islander," or whether her sullen and dogged spirit resisted the first attempts the lad made to "put upon her"—as he did upon his aunts, in small daily tyrannies—was never found out; but certainly Ascott, the general favorite, found little favor with the new servant. She never answered when he "hollo'd" for her; she resisted blacking his boots more than once a day; and she obstinately cleared the kitchen fireplace of his "messes," as she ignominiously termed various pots and pans belonging to what *he* called his "medical studies."

Although the war was passive rather than aggressive, and sometimes a source of private amusement to the aunts, still on the whole it was a relief when the exciting cause of it departed; his new and most gentle-

manly portmanteau being carried down-stairs by Elizabeth herself, of her own accord, with an air of cheerful alacrity, foreign to her mien for some weeks past, and which even in the midst of the dolorous parting, amused Hilary extremely.

"I think that girl is a character," she said, afterwards to Johanna. "Anyhow, she has curiously strong likes and dislikes."

"You may say that, my dear; for she brightens up whenever she looks at you."

"Does she? Oh, that must be because I have most to do with her. It is wonderful how friendly one gets over saucepans and brooms; and what reverence one inspires in the domestic mind when one really knows how to make a bed or a pudding."

"How I wish you had to do neither," sighed Johanna, looking fondly at the bright face and light little figure that was flitting about, putting the schoolroom to rights before the pupils came in.

"Nonsense—I don't wish any such thing. Doing it makes me not a whit less charming and lovely." She often applied these adjectives to herself, with the most perfect conviction that she was uttering a fiction patent to everybody. "I must be very juvenile also, for I'm certain the fellow-passenger at the station to-day took me for Ascott's sweetheart. When we were saying good-by, an old gentleman who sat next him was particularly sympathetic, and you should have seen how indignantly Ascott replied, 'It's only *my aunt!*'"

Miss Leaf laughed, and the shadow vanished from her face, as Hilary had meant it should. She only said, caressing her,—

"Well, my pet, never mind; I hope you may have a real sweetheart some day."

"I'm in no hurry, thank you, Johanna."

But now was heard the knock after knock of the little boys and girls, and there began that monotonous daily round of school-labor, rising from the simplicities of c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog,—to the sublime heights of Pinnock and Lennie, Téliémaque and Latin Delectus. No loftier; Stowbury being well supplied with first-class schools, and having a vague impression that the Misses Leaf, born ladies, and not brought up as governesses, were not competent educators except of very small children.

Which was true enough until lately. So Miss Leaf kept contentedly to the c, a, t,

cat, and d, o, g, dog, of the little butchers and bakers, as Miss Selina, who taught only sewing, and came into the schoolroom but little during the day, scornfully termed them. The higher branches, such as they were, she left gradually to Hilary, who, of late, possibly out of sympathy with a friend of hers, had begun to show an actual gift for teaching school.

It is a gift—all will allow; and chiefly those who have it not, amongst whom was poor Johanna Leaf. The admiring envy with which she watched Hilary, moving briskly about from class to class, with a word of praise to one and rebuke to another, keeping every one's attention alive, spurring on the dull, controlling the unruly, and exercising over every member in this little world that influence, at once the strongest and most intangible and inexplicable—personal influence—was only equalled by the way in which, at pauses in the day's work, when it grew dull and monotonous, or when the stupidity of the children ruffled her own quick temper beyond endurance, Hilary watched Johanna.

The time I am telling of is now long ago. The Stowbury children, who were then little boys and girls, are now fathers and mothers—doubtless a large proportion being decent tradesfolk in Stowbury still; though, in this locomotive quarter, many must have drifted off elsewhere—where, Heaven knows! But not a few of them may still call to mind Miss Leaf, who first taught them their letters—sitting in her corner between the fire and the window, while the blind was drawn down to keep out, first, the light from her own fading eyes, and secondly, the distracting view of green fields and trees from the youthful eyes by her side. They may remember still her dark plain dress and her white apron, on which the primers, torn and dirty, looked half ashamed to lie; and above all, her sweet face and sweeter voice, never heard in anything sharper than that grieved tone which signified their being “naughty children.” They may recall her unwearied patience with the very dullest and most wayward of them: her unflinching sympathy with every infantile pleasure and pain. And I think they will acknowledge that whether she taught them much or little, in this advancing age it might be thought little—Miss Leaf taught them one thing—to love her;—which, as Ben Jonson said of the Countess

of Pembroke, was in itself a “liberal education.”

Hilary too! Often when Hilary's younger and more restless spirit chafed against the monotony of her life: when instead of wasting her days in teaching small children, she would have liked to be learning, learning—every day growing wiser and cleverer, and stretching out into that busy, bright, active world of which Robert Lyon had told her—then the sight of Johanna's meek face bent over those dirty spelling-books, would at once rebuke and comfort her. She felt, after all, that she would not mind working on forever, so long as Johanna still sat there.

Nevertheless, that winter seemed to her very long; especially after Ascott was gone. For Johanna, partly for money, and partly for kindness, had added to her day's work four evenings a week, when a half-educated mother of one of her little pupils came to be taught to write a decent hand, and to keep the accounts of her shop. Upon which, Selina, highly indignant, had taken to spending her evenings in the schoolroom, interrupting Hilary's solitary studies there by many a lamentation over the peaceful days when they all sat in the kitchen together and kept no servant. For Selina was one of those who never saw the bright side of anything till it had gone by.

“I'm sure I don't know how we are to manage with Elizabeth. That greedy—”

“And growing,” suggested Hilary.

“I say, that greedy girl eats as much as any two of us. And as for her clothes—her mother does not keep her even decent.”

“She would find it difficult upon three pounds a year.”

“Hilary, how dare you contradict me? I am only stating a plain fact.”

“And I another. But, indeed, I don't want to talk, Selina.”

“You never do, except when you are wished to be silent; and then your tongue goes like any race-horse.”

“Does it?—Well, like Gilpin's,—

“‘It carries weight, it rides a race,
‘Tis for a thousand pound!’

—and I only wish it were. Heigho! if I could but earn a thousand pounds!”

Selina was too vexed to reply: and for five quiet minutes Hilary bent over her

Homer, which Mr. Lyon had taken such pleasure in teaching her, because, he said, she learnt it faster than any of his grammar-school boys. She had forgotten all domestic grievances in a vision of Thetis and the water-nymphs; and was repeating to herself, first in the sonorous Greek, and then in Pope's small but sweet English, that catalogue of oceanic beauties, ending with—

"Black Janira and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair."

"Black, did you say? I'm sure she was as black as a chimney-sweep all to-day. And her pinafore—"

"Her what? Oh, Elizabeth, you mean."

"Her pinafore had three rents in it, which she never thinks of mending, though I gave her needles and thread myself a week ago. But she does not know how to use them any more than a baby."

"Possibly nobody ever taught her."

"Yes; she went for a year to the National School, she says, and learnt both marking and sewing."

"Perhaps she has never practised them since. She could hardly have had time, with all the little Hands to look after, as her mother says she did. All the better for us. It makes her wonderfully patient with our troublesome brats. It was only to-day, when that horrid little Jacky Smith hurt himself so, that I saw Elizabeth take him into the kitchen, wash his face and hands, and cuddle him up and comfort him, quite motherly. Her forte is certainly children."

"You always find something to say for her."

"I should be ashamed if I could not find something to say for anybody who is always abused."

Another pause—and then Selina returned to the charge.

"Have you ever observed, my dear, the extraordinary way she has of fastening, or rather not fastening her gown behind? She just hooks it together at the top and at the waist, while between there is a—"

"*Hiatus valde deflendus*. Oh dear me! what shall I do? Selina, how can I help it if a girl fifteen years old is not a paragon of perfection: as of course we all are, if we only could find it out."

And Hilary, in despair, rose to carry her candle and books into the chilly but quiet

bedroom, biting her lips the while lest she should be tempted to say something which Selina called "impertinent," which perhaps it was, from a younger sister to an elder. I do not set Hilary up as a perfect character. Through sorrow only do people go on to perfection: and sorrow, in its true meaning, this cherished girl had never known.

But that night, talking to Johanna before they went to sleep,—they had always slept together since the time when the elder sister used to walk the room of nights with that puling, motherless infant in her arms,—Hilary anxiously started the question of the little servant.

"I am afraid I vexed Selina greatly about her to-night; and yet what can one do? Selina is so very unjust—always expecting impossibilities. She would like to have Elizabeth at once a first-rate cook, a finished housemaid, and an attentive lady's-maid, and all without being taught! She gives her things to do, neither waiting to see if they are comprehended by her, nor showing her how to do them. Of course the girl stands gaping and staring, and does not do them, or does them so badly that she gets a thorough scolding."

"Is she very stupid, do you think?" asked Johanna, in unconscious appeal to her pet's stronger judgment.

"No, I don't. Far from stupid; only very ignorant, and—you would hardly believe it—very nervous. Selina frightens her. She gets on extremely well with me."

"Any one would, my dear. That is," added the conscientious elder sister, still afraid of making the "child" vain, "any one whom you took pains with. But do you think we ever can make anything out of Elizabeth? Her month ends to-morrow. Shall we let her go?"

"And perhaps get in her place a storyteller—a talebearer—even a thief. No, no; let us—"

"Rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of;"

and a thief would be worse than even a South Sea Islander."

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Johanna, with a shiver.

"By the by, the first step in the civilization of the Polynesians was in giving them clothes. And I have heard say that crime and rags often go together; that a man un-

consciously feels he owes something to himself and society in the way of virtue when he has a clean face and clean shirt, and a decent coat on. Suppose we try the experiment of dressing Elizabeth? How many old gowns have we?"

The number was few. Nothing in the Leaf family was ever cast off till its very last extremity of decay; the talent that—

"Gars auld claes look amaisht as gude's the new"

being especially possessed by Hilary. She counted over her own wardrobe and Johanna's, but found nothing that could be spared.

"Yes, my love, there is one thing. You certainly shall never put on that old brown merino again; though you have laid it so carefully by, as if you meant it to come out as fresh as ever next winter. No, Hilary, you must have a new gown, and you must give Elizabeth your brown merino."

Hilary laughed, and replied not.

Now it might be a pathetic indication of a girl who had very few clothes, but Hilary had a superstitious weakness concerning hers. Every dress had its own peculiar chronicle of the scenes where it had been, the enjoyments she had shared in it. Particular dresses were special memorials of her loves, her pleasures, her little passing pains: as long as a bit remained of the poor old fabric, the sight of it recalled them all.

This brown merino—in which she had sat two whole winters over her Greek and Latin by Robert Lyon's side, which he had once stopped to touch and notice, saying what a pretty color it was, and how he liked soft-feeling dresses for women—to cut up this old brown merino seemed to hurt her so, she could almost have cried.

Yet what would Johanna think if she refused? And there was Elizabeth absolutely in want of clothes. "I must be growing very wicked," thought poor Hilary.

She lay a good while silent in the dark, while Johanna planned and replanned—calculating how, even with the addition of an old cape of her own, which was out of the same piece, this hapless gown could be made to fit the gaunt frame of Elizabeth Hand. Her poor kindly brain was in the last extremity of muddle, when Hilary, with a desperate effort, dashed in to the rescue, and soon made all clear, contriving body, skirt, sleeves, and all.

"You have the best head in the world, my love. I don't know what ever I should do without you."

"Luckily, you are never likely to be tried. So give me a kiss; and good-night, Johanna."

I misdebut many will say I am writing about small, ridiculously small, things. Yet is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? And in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of anything which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together, that it is too common or too small?

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE her anxious mistresses were thus talking her over, the servant lay on her humble bed and slept. They knew she did, for they heard her heavy breathing through the thin partition-wall. Whether as Hilary suggested, she was too ignorant to notice the days of the week or month, or, as Selina thought too stupid to care for anything beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, Elizabeth manifested no anxiety about herself or her destiny. She went about her work just as usual; a little quicker and readier, now she was becoming familiarized to it; but she said nothing. She was undoubtedly a girl of silent and undemonstrative nature.

"Sometimes still waters run deep," said Miss Hilary.

"Nevertheless, there are such things as canals," replied Johanna. "When do you mean to have your little talk with her?"

Hilary did not know. She was sitting rather more tired than usual by the school-room fire, the little people having just departed for their Saturday half-holiday. Before clearing off the *débris* which they always left behind, she stood a minute at the window, refreshing her eyes with the green field opposite, and the far-away wood, crowned by a dim white monument, visible in fair weather, on which those bright brown eyes had a trick of lingering, even in the middle of school hours. For the wood and hill beyond belonged to a nobleman's "show" estate, five miles off,—the only bit of real landscape beauty that Hilary had ever beheld. There, during the last holidays but one, she, her sisters, her nephew,

and, by his own special request, Mr. Lyon, had spent a whole long, merry midsummer day. She wondered whether such a day would ever come again!

But spring was coming again, anyhow: the field looked smiling and green, specked here and there with white dots which, she opined, might possibly be daisies. She half wished she was not too old and dignified to dart across the road, leap the sunk fence, and run to see.

"I think, Johanna—Hark, what can that be?"

For at this instant, somebody came tearing down the stairs, opened the front-door, and did—exactly what Hilary had just been wishing to do.

"It's Elizabeth, without her bonnet or shawl, with something white flying behind her. How she is dashing across the field! What can she be after? Just look!"

But loud screams from Selina's room, the front one, where she had been lying in bed all morning, quite obliterated the little servant from their minds. The two sisters ran hastily up-stairs.

Selina was sitting up, in undisguised terror and agitation.

"Stop her! Hold her! I'm sure she has gone mad. Lock the door—or she'll come back and murder us all."

"Who? Elizabeth! was she here? What has been the matter?"

But it was some time before they could make out anything. At last they gathered that Elizabeth had been waiting upon Miss Selina, putting vinegar-cloths on her head, and doing various things about the room. "She is very handy when one is ill," even Selina allowed,—

"And I assure you, I was talking most kindly to her: about the duties of her position, and how she ought to dress better, and be more civil behaved, or else she never could expect to keep any place. And she stood in her usual sulky way of listening, never answering a word—with her back to me, staring right out of window. And I had just said, 'Elizabeth, my girl'—indeed, Hilary, I was talking to her in my very kindest way——"

"I've no doubt of it—but do get on."

"When she suddenly turned round, snatched a clean towel from a chair-back, and another from my head—actually from

my very head, Johanna—and out she ran. I called after her, but she took no more notice than if I had been a stone. And she left the door wide open—blowing upon me. Oh dear! she has given me my death of cold." And Selina broke into piteous complainings.

Her elder sister soothed her as well as she could, while Hilary ran down to the front-door and looked, and inquired everywhere for Elizabeth. She was not to be seen on field or road; and along that quiet terrace, not a soul had even perceived her quit the house.

"It's a very odd thing," said Hilary, returning. "What can have come over the girl? You are sure, Selina, that you said nothing which——"

"Now, I know what you are going to say. You are going to blame me. Whatever happens in this house, you always blame me. And perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am a nuisance—a burden—would be far better dead and buried. I wish I were!"

When Selina took this tack, of course her sisters were silenced. They quieted her a little, and then went down and searched the house all over.

All was in order; at least in as much order as was to be expected the hour before dinner. The bowl of half-peeled potatoes stood on the back-kitchen "sink;" the roast was down before the fire; the knives were ready for cleaning. Evidently Elizabeth's flight had not been premeditated.

"It's all nonsense about her going mad. She has as sound a head as I have," said Hilary to Johanna, who began to look seriously uneasy. "She might have run away in a fit of passion, certainly; and yet that is improbable; her temper is more sullen than furious. And having no lack of common sense, she must know that doing a thing like this is enough to make her lose her place at once."

"Yes," said Johanna, mournfully, "I'm afraid after this she must go."

"Wait and see what she has to say for herself," pleaded Hilary. "She will surely be back in two or three minutes."

But she was not, nor even in two or three hours.

Her mistresses' annoyance became displeasure, and that again subsided into serious apprehension. Even Selina ceased talk—

ing over and over the incident which gave the sole information to be arrived at; rose, dressed, and came down to the kitchen. There, after a long and anxious consultation, Hilary, observing that "Somebody had better do something," began to prepare the dinner, as in pre-Elizabethan days; but the three ladies' appetites were small.

About three in the afternoon, Hilary, giving utterance to the hidden alarm of all, said,—

"I think, sisters, I had better go down as quickly as I can to Mrs. Hand's."

This agreed, she stood consulting with Johanna as to what could possibly be said to the mother in case that unfortunate child had not gone home, when the kitchen door opened, and the culprit appeared.

Not, however, with the least look of a culprit. Hot she was, and breathless; and with her hair down about her ears, and her apron rolled up round her waist, presented a most forlorn and untidy aspect; but her eyes were bright, and her countenance glowing.

She took a towel from under her arm. "There's one on 'em—and you'll get back—the other—when it's washed."

Having blurted out this, she leaned against the wall, trying to recover her breath.

"Elizabeth! Where have you been? How dared you go? Your behavior is disgraceful—most disgraceful, I say. Johanna, why don't you speak to your servant?" When, for remissness in reproving others, the elder sister fell herself under reproof, it was always emphatically "*your sister*"—"your nephew"—"*your servant*."

But, for once, Miss Selina's sharp voice failed to bring the customary sullen look to Elizabeth's face; and when Miss Leaf, in her milder tones, asked where she had been, she answered unhesitatingly,—

"I've been down the town."

"Down the town!" the three ladies cried, in one chorus of astonishment.

"I've been as quick as I could, missis. I runned all the way, there and back; but it was a good step, and he was some'at heavy, though he is but a little 'un."

"He! who on earth is *he*?"

"Deary me! I never thought of axing; but his mother lives in Hall Street. Somebody saw me carrying him to the doctor, and went and told her. Oh! he was welly

killed, Miss Leaf—the doctor said so; but he'll do now, and you'll get your towel clean washed to-morrow."

While Elizabeth spoke, so incoherently, and with such unwonted energy and excitement, Johanna looked as if she thought her sister's fears were true, and the girl had really gone mad; but Hilary's quicker perceptions jumped at a different conclusion.

"Quiet yourself, Elizabeth," said she, taking a firm hold of her shoulder, and making her sit down, when the rolled-up apron dropped, and showed itself all covered with blood-spots. Selina screamed outright.

Then Elizabeth seemed to become half conscious that she had done something blamable, or was at least a suspected character. Her warmth of manner faded; the sullen cloud of dogged resistance to authority was rising in her poor dirty face, when Hilary, beginning with "Now, we are not going to scold you; but we must hear the reason of this," contrived by adroit questions, and not a few of them, to elicit the whole story.

It appeared that, while standing at Miss Selina's window, Elizabeth had watched three little boys, apparently engaged in a very favorite amusement of little boys in that field, going quickly behind a horse, and pulling out the longest and handsomest hairs in his tail, to make fishing-lines of. She saw the animal give a kick, and two of the boys ran away; the other did not stir. For a minute or so she noticed the black lump lying in the grass; then, with the quick instinct for which nobody had ever given her credit, she guessed what had happened, and did immediately the wisest and only thing possible under the circumstances; namely, to snatch up a towel, run across the field, bind up the child's head as well as she could, and carry it, bleeding and insensible, to the nearest doctor, who lived nearly a mile off.

She did not tell—and they only found it out afterwards how she had held the boy while under the doctor's hands, the skull being so badly fractured that the frightened mother fainted at the sight: how she finally carried him home, and left him comfortably settled in bed, his senses returned, and his life saved.

"Ay, my arms do ache above a bit," she said, in answer to Miss Leaf's questions. "He wasn't quite a baby—nigh upon

twelve, I reckon; but then he was very small of his age. And he looked just as if he was dead—and he bled so.”

Here, just for a second or two, the color left the big girl's lips, and she trembled a little. Miss Leaf went to the kitchen cupboard, and took out their only bottle of wine—administered in rare doses, exclusively as medicine.

“Drink this, Elizabeth; and then go and wash your face and eat your dinner. We will talk to you by and by.”

Elizabeth looked up with a long, wistful stare of intense surprise, and then added, “Have I done anything wrong, missis?”

“I did not say so. But drink this; and don't talk, child.”

She was obeyed. By and by Elizabeth disappeared into the back-kitchen, emerged thence with a clean face, hands, and apron, and went about her afternoon business as if nothing had happened.

Her mistresses' threatened “talk” with her never came about. What, indeed, could they say? No doubt the little servant had broken the strict letter of domestic law by running off in that highly eccentric and inconvenient way; but, as Hilary tried to explain by a series of most ingenious ratiocinations, she had fulfilled, in the spirit of it, the very highest law—that of charity. She had also shown prompt courage, decision, practical and prudent forethought, and, above all, entire self-forgetfulness.

“And I should like to know,” said Miss Hilary, warming with her subject, “if those are not the very qualities which go to constitute a hero.”

“But we don't want a hero; we want a maid-of-all-work.”

“I'll tell you what we want, Selina. We want a woman; that is, a girl with the making of a good woman in her. If we can find that, all the rest will follow. For my part, I would rather take this child, rough as she is, but with her truthfulness, conscientiousness, kindliness of heart, and evident capability of both self-control and self-devotedness, than the most finished servant we could find. My advice is—keep her.”

This settled the matter, since it was a curious fact that the “advice” of the youngest Miss Leaf was, whether they knew it or not, almost equivalent to a family ukase.

When Elizabeth had brought in the tea-

things, which she did with especial care, apparently wishing to blot out the memory of the morning's escapade by astonishingly good behavior for the rest of the day, Miss Leaf called her, and asked if she knew that her month of trial ended this day?

“Yes, ma'am,” with the strict formal courtesy, something between that of the old-world family domestic—as her mother might have been to the Miss Elizabeth Something she was named after—and the abrupt “dip” of the modern National schoolgirl; which constituted Elizabeth Hand's sole experience of manners.

“If you had not been absent, I should have gone to speak to your mother to-day. Indeed Miss Hilary was going, when you came in; but it would have been with a very different intention from what we had in the morning. However, that is not likely to happen again.”

“Eh?” said Elizabeth, inquiringly.

Miss Leaf hesitated, and looked uneasily at her two sisters. It was always a trial to her shy nature to find herself the mouthpiece of the family; and this same shyness made it still more difficult to break through the stiff barriers which seemed to rise up between her, a gentlewoman well on in years, and this coarse working-girl. She felt, as she often complained, that with the kindest intentions, she did not quite know how to talk to Elizabeth.

“My sister means,” said Hilary, “that as we are not likely to have little boys half-killed in the field every day, she trusts you will not be running away again as you did this morning. She feels sure that you would not do such a thing, putting us all to so great annoyance and uneasiness, for any less cause than such as happened to-day. You promise that?”

“Yes, Miss Hilary.”

“Then we quite forgive you as regards ourselves. Nay,” feeling in spite of Selina's warning nudge, that she had hardly been kind enough—“we rather praise than blame you, Elizabeth. And if you like to stay with us and will do your best to improve, we are willing to keep you as our servant.”

“Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, Miss Hilary. Yes, I'll stop.”

She said no more—but sighed a great sigh, as if her mind were relieved—(“so,” thought Hilary, “she was not so indifferent to us as

we imagined")—and bustled back into her kitchen.

"Now for the clothing of her," observed Miss Leaf, also looking much relieved that the decision was over. "You know what we agreed upon; and there is certainly no time to be lost. Hilary, my dear, suppose you bring down your brown merino?"

Hilary went without a word.

People who inhabit the same house, eat, sit, and sleep together—loving one another and sympathizing with one another, ever so deeply and dearly—nevertheless inevitably have momentary seasons when the intense solitude in which we all live, and must expect to live, at the depth of our being, forces itself painfully upon the heart. Johanna must have had many such seasons when Hilary was a child: Hilary had one now.

She unfolded the old frock, and took out of its pocket, a hiding-place at once little likely to be searched, and harmless if discovered, a poor little memento of that happy midsummer day,—

"Dear Miss Hilary,—To-morrow then I shall come. Yours truly, Robert Lyon."

The only scrap of note she had ever received; he always wrote to Johanna; as regularly as ever, or more so, now Ascott was gone; but only to Johanna. She read over the two lines, wondered where she should keep them now, that Johanna might not notice them; and then recoiled, as if the secret were a wrong to that dear sister who loved her so well.

"But nothing makes me love her less; nothing ever could. She thinks me quite happy, as I hope I am; and yet—oh, if I did not miss him so."

And the aching, aching want which sometimes came over her, began again. Let us not blame her. God made all our human needs. God made love. Not merely affection but actual love, the necessity to seek and find out some other being, not another but the complement of one's self—the "other half," who brings rest and strength for weakness, sympathy in aspiration, and tenderness for tenderness, as no other person ever can. Perhaps, even in marriage, this love is seldom found, and it is possible in all lives to do without it. Johanna had done so. But then she had been young, and was now growing old; and Hilary was only twenty, with a long life before her. Poor child, let us not blame her!

She was not in the least sentimental, her natural disposition inclining her to be more than cheerful, actually gay. She soon recovered herself, and when, a short time after, she stood, scissors in hand, demonstrating how very easy it was to make something out of nothing, her sisters never suspected how very near tears had lately been to those bright eyes, which were always the sunshine of the house.

"You are giving yourself a world of trouble," said Selina. "If I were you, I would just make over the dress to Elizabeth, and let her do what she could with it."

"My dear, I always find 'I give myself twice the trouble by expecting people to do what they can't do. I have to do it myself afterwards. Prove how a child who can't even handle a needle and thread, is competent to make a gown for herself, and I shall be most happy to secede in her favor."

"Nay," put in the eldest sister, afraid of a collision of words, "Selina is right; if you do not teach Elizabeth to make her own gowns, how can she learn?"

"Johanna, you are the brilliantest of women! and you know you don't like the parlor littered with rags and cuttings. You wish to get rid of me for the evening? Well, I'll go! Hand me the work-basket and the bundle; and I'll give my first lesson in dress-making to our South Sea Islander."

But Fate stood in the way of Miss Hilary's good intentions.

She found Elizabeth not as was her wont, always busy, over the perpetual toil of those who have not yet learned the mysterious art of arrangement and order, nor, as sometimes, hanging sleepily over the kitchen-fire, waiting for bed-time; but actually sitting—sitting down at the table. Her candle was flaring on one side of her; on the other was the schoolroom inkstand, a scrap of waste paper, and a pen. But she was not writing; she sat with her head on her hands; in an attitude of disconsolate idleness, so absorbed that she seemed not to hear Hilary's approach.

"I did not know you could write, Elizabeth."

"No more I can," was the answer in the most doleful of voices. "It bean't no good. I've forgotten all about it. T' letters wonna join."

"Let me look at them." And Hilary tried

to contemplate gravely the scrawled and blotted page, which looked very much as if a large spider had walked into the ink-bottle and then walked out again upon a tour of investigation. "What did you want to write?" asked she, suddenly.

Elizabeth blushed violently. "It was the woman, Mrs. Cliffe, t' little lad's mother, you know; she wanted somebody to write to her husband as is at work in Birmingham, and I said I would. I'd learned at the National, but I've forgotten it all. I'm just as Miss Selina says,—I'm good for nowt."

"Come, come, never fret;" for there was a sort of choke in the girl's voice. "There's many a good person who never learnt to write. But I don't see why you should not learn. Shall I teach you?"

Utter amazement, beaming gratitude, succeeded one another, plain as light, in Elizabeth's eyes; but she only said, "Thank you, Miss Hilary."

"Very well. I have brought you an old gown of mine, and was going to show you how to make it up for yourself, but I'll look over your writing instead. Sit down, and let me see what you can do."

In a sort of nervous trepidation, pitiful to behold, Elizabeth took the pen. Terrible scratches resulted; blots innumerable; and one fatal deluge of ink, which startled from their seats both mistress and maid, and made Hilary thankful that she had taken off her better gown for a common one, as, with sad thriftiness, the Misses Leaf always did of evenings.

When Elizabeth saw the mischief she had done, her contrition and humility were unbounded. "No, Miss Hilary, you can't make nothin' of me. I be too stupid. I'll give it up."

"Nonsense!" and the bright, active little lady looked steadily into the heavy face of this undeveloped girl, half child, half woman, until some of her spirit seemed to be reflected there. Whether the excitement of the morning had roused her, or her mistresses' kindness had touched Elizabeth's heart, and—as in most women—the heart was the key to the intellect; or whether the gradual daily influence of her changed life during the last month had been taking effect, now for the first time to appear,—certain it is that Hilary had never perceived before what an extremely intelligent face it was; what good sense was

indicated in the well-shaped head and forehead; what tenderness and feeling in the deep-set gray eyes.

"Nonsense," repeated she. "Never give up anything; I never would. We'll try a different plan, and begin from the beginning, as I do with my little scholars. Wait, while I fetch a copy-book out of the parlor press."

She highly amused her sisters with a description of what she called "her newly-instituted Polynesian Academy;" returned, and set to work to guide the rough, coarse hand through the mysteries of calligraphy.

To say this was an easy task, would not be true. Nature's own laws and limits make the using of faculties, which have been unused for generations, very difficult at first. To suppose that a working man, the son of working men, who applies himself to study, does it with as little trouble as your upper-class children, who have been unconsciously undergoing education ever since the cradle, is a great mistake. All honor, therefore, to those who do attempt, and to ever so small a degree succeed in, the best and surest culture of all, self-culture.

Of this honor Elizabeth deserved her share.

"She is stupid enough," Hilary confessed, after the lesson was over; "but there is a dogged perseverance about the girl which I actually admire. She blots her fingers, her nose, her apron, but she never gives in; and she sticks to the grand principle of one thing at a time. I think she did two whole pages of a's, and really performed them satisfactorily, before she asked to go on to b's. Yes! I believe she will do."

"I hope she will do her work, at any rate," said Selina, breaking into the conversation rather crossly. "I'm sure I don't see the good of wasting time over teaching Elizabeth to write, when there's so much to be done in the house by one and all of us, from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"Ay, that's it," answered Hilary, meditatively. "I don't see how I ever shall get time to teach her, and she is so tired of nights when the work is all done; she'll be dropping asleep with the pen in her hand—I have done it myself before now."

Ay, in those days when, trying so hard to "improve her mind," and make herself a little more equal and companionable to

another mind she knew, she had, after her daily house cares and her six hours of school-teaching, attempted at nine P.M. to begin close study on her own account. And though with her strong will she succeeded tolerably, still, as she told Johanna, she could well understand how slow was the "march of intellect" (a phrase which had just then come up) among day-laborers and the like; and how difficult it was for these Mechanics' Institutions, which were now talked so much of, to put any new ideas into the poor tired heads, rendered sluggish and stupid with hard bodily labor.

"Suppose I were to hold my Polynesian Academy on a Sunday?" and she looked inquiringly at her sisters, especially Johanna.

Now the Misses Leaf were old-fashioned country-folk, who lived before the words Sabbatarian and un-Sabbatarian had ever got into the English language. They simply "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" they arranged so as to make it for all the household a day of rest; and they went regularly to church once,—sometimes Selina and Hilary went twice. For the intervening hours, their usual custom was to take an afternoon walk in the fields: begun chiefly for Ascott's sake, to keep the lad out of mischief, and put into his mind better thoughts than he was likely to get from his favorite Sunday recreation of sitting on the wall throwing stones. After he left for London, there was Elizabeth to be thought of; and they decided that the best Sabbath duty for the little servant was to go and see her mother. So they gave her every Sunday afternoon free; only requiring that she should be at home punctually after church-time, at eight o'clock. But from thence till bed-time was a blank two hours, which, Hilary had noticed, Elizabeth not unfrequently spent in dozing over the fire.

"And I wonder," said she, giving the end of her long meditation out loud, "whether going to sleep is not as much Sabbath-breaking as learning to write? What do you say, Johanna?"

Johanna, simple, God-fearing woman as she was, to whom faith and love came as natural as the breath she drew, had never perplexed herself with the question. She only smiled acquiescence. But Selina was greatly shocked. Teaching to write on a

Sunday! Bringing the week-day work into the day of rest! Doing one's own pleasure on the holy day! She thought it exceedingly wrong. Such a thing had never been heard of in their house. Whatever else might be said of them, the Leafs were always a respectable family as to keeping Sunday. Nobody could say that even Henry—

But here Selina's torrent of words stopped.

When conversation revived, Hilary, who had been at first half annoyed and half amused, resumed her point seriously.

"I might say that writing isn't Elizabeth's week-day work, and that teaching her is not exactly doing my own pleasure; but I won't creep out of the argument by a quibble. The question is, *What* is keeping the Sabbath-day 'holy'?* I say—and I stick to my opinion—that it is by making it a day of worship—a rest day—a cheerful and happy day—and by doing as much good in it as we can. And therefore I mean to teach Elizabeth on a Sunday."

"She'll never understand it. She'll consider it 'work.'"

"And if she did, work is a more religious thing than idleness. I am sure I often feel that, of the two, I should be less sinful in digging potatoes in my garden, or sitting mending stockings in my parlor, than in keeping Sunday as some people do—going to church genteelly in my best clothes, eating a huge Sunday dinner, and then nodding over a good book, or taking a regular Sunday nap, till bed-time."

"Hush, child," said Johanna, reprovingly; for Hilary's cheeks were red, and her voice angry. She was taking the hot youthful part, which, in its hatred of shams and forms, sometimes leads—and not seldom led poor Hilary—a little too far on the other side. "I think," Miss Leaf added, "that our business is with ourselves, and not with our neighbors. Let us keep the Sabbath according to our conscience. Only, I would take care never to do anything which jarred against my neighbor's feelings. I would, like Paul, 'eat no meat while the world

* The author of this tale wishes distinctly to state, that she alone must be held responsible for the opinions it expresses. To any earnest, honest Christians who differ from her, she need only say, that to write otherwise than as one religiously and conscientiously believes, is simply impossible.

standeth,' rather than 'make my brother to offend.'"

Hilary looked in her sister's sweet, calm face, and the anger died out of her own.

"Shall I give up my academy?" she said, softly.

"No, my love. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, and teaching a poor ignorant girl to write is an absolute good. Make her understand that, and you need not be afraid of any harm ensuing."

"You never will make her understand," said Selina, sullenly. "She is only a servant."

"Nevertheless, I'll try."

Hilary could not tell how far she succeeded in simplifying to the young servant's comprehension this great question, involving so many points—such as the following of the spirit and the letter, the law of duty and the compulsion of love—which, as she spoke, seemed opening out so widely and awfully, that she herself involuntarily shrank from it, and wondered that poor finite creatures should ever presume to squabble about it at all.

But one thing the girl did understand—her young mistress' kindness. She stood watching the little delicate hand that had so patiently guided hers, and now wrote copy after copy for her future benefit. At last she said,—

"You're taking a deal o' trouble wi' a poor wench, and it's very kind in a lady like you."

Miss Hilary was puzzled what answer to make. True enough, it was "kind," and she was "a lady;" and between her and Mrs. Hand's rough daughter was an unmistakable difference and distinction. That Elizabeth perceived it, was proved by her growing respectfulness of manner—the more respectful, it seemed, the more she herself improved. Yet Hilary could not bear to make her feel more sharply than was unavoidable, the great gulf that lies and ever must lie—not so much between mistress and servant, in their abstract relation—(and yet that is right, for the relation and authority is ordained of God)—but between

the educated and the ignorant, the coarse and the refined.

"Well," she said, after a pause of consideration, "you always have it in your power to repay my 'kindness,' as you call it. The cleverer you become, the more useful you will be to me; and the more good you grow, the better I shall like you."

Elizabeth smiled,—that wonderfully bright, sudden smile which seemed to cover over all her plainness of feature.

"Once upon a time," Hilary resumed by and by, "when England was very different from what it is now, English ladies used to have what they call 'bower-women,' whom they took as girls, and brought up in their service; teaching them all sorts of things—cooking, sewing, spinning, singing, and, probably, except that the ladies of that time were very ill-educated themselves, to read and write also. They used to spend part of every day among their bower-women; and as people can only enjoy the company of those with whom they have some sympathies in common, we must conclude that—"

Here Hilary stopped, recollecting she must be discoursing miles above the head of *her* little bower-maiden, and that, perhaps, after all, her theory would be best kept to herself, and only demonstrated practically.

"So, Elizabeth, if I spend a little of my time in teaching you, you must grow up my faithful and attached bower-maiden?"

"I'll grow up anything, Miss Hilary, if it's to please you," was the answer, given with a smothered intensity that quite startled the young mistress.

"I do believe the girl is getting fond of me," said she, half touched, half laughing, to Johanna. "If so, we shall get on. It is just as with our school-children, you know. We have to seize hold of their hearts first, and their heads afterwards. Now, Elizabeth's head may be uncommonly tough, but I do believe she likes me."

Johanna smiled; but she would not for the world have said—never encouraging the smallest vanity in her child—that she did not think this circumstance so very remarkable.

CHAPTER XXII. "RENE!"

THE address of Mr. Tacker, the stage-manager, while it may have been successful in allaying to a great extent the alarm of the audience, certainly did not do justice to the real state of the case behind the curtain. A crowd surrounded the senseless form of Mademoiselle Boisfleury. She had not moved since her fall. She had moaned for some minutes, evidently in acute suffering. This expression of pain was not loud, but it was intense. Great agony masters the strength, and forbids any noisy or prolonged cry—and these feeble moans had ceased as she became insensible.

"She is dead!" cried several of the women who surrounded her, all looking from one to the other, trembling; some were crying violently—while others with stronger minds, or with less feeling probably, were emphatically denouncing it as a shame that Grimshaw should have allowed her to swing from that rope, as they had known very well all along that an accident was sure to come of it at some time or other. It was necessary to abuse some one. If a fellow-creature suffers, it is always indispensable that we should look about and see whom we can conveniently denounce as the cause of the suffering. Perhaps the *corps de ballet* had no great reason to love Grimshaw—he often fined them, and bullied them, and swore at them, and stopped their salaries—though he did now and then talk to them "affably," and thank them for their exertions, and invite them to a *cham* supper. So when an event of this kind happened, it seemed only natural on their parts to give him the full odium of the occurrence. He had all the profit—he ought to have all the loss; so they argued—not reasonably perhaps—but then women are not always reasonable; and as for logic from *coryphées*, of course that's out of the question. They did not remember at the moment that any one of them would have been only too delighted to play the part of *Fiametta*, and to accomplish Mademoiselle Boisfleury's feat, if permitted to appear in a grand new dress for the occasion—the dress of course provided by Grimshaw—and find a slight addition to the salary to be received from the treasury on Saturday night. Certainly it was more convenient to abuse Grimshaw, who was on the spot, under their eyes, than an incoherent public who had roared

for a "sensation" ballet, and were now scattered over the town, ornamenting many British homes, voting the whole thing very horrid and shocking, agreeing that it "ought not to be allowed," and enjoying their suppers amazingly.

Had a doctor been sent for? Yes. Two or three men had started off to call in a doctor. Nervous, excitable men, most anxious to be of use—scared, and desirous to be away from a painful scene—to assist from a distance. Not good people to send on such an errand. They would go dashing about for some time, running at their topmost speed in vague directions, only gradually conscious at last of the real object of their hurry—to bring a doctor into the theatre, to the aid of the sufferer—and a good half-hour would be lost.

There was great confusion. A huddle of carpenters in paper caps stood round, in stooping attitudes, their palms on their knees, as though they were at a private dog-fight, or round a horse slipped down in the Strand.

"She aint dead," said one. "I see her move just then. Didn't you, Bill?"

Grimshaw pushed through, picking his teeth with a penknife, and tolerably calm.

"Now—get along, you women," he cried to the *corps de ballet*. "You can't do any good. You carpenters, be off. I wont have my stage blocked up in this way." (These orders were strengthened by strong adjectives—too strong indeed for printing.) "Mrs. Bell"—he singled out a *coryphée*, she was one of those dancers who are generally very much at the back of the stage during the performances—whose youth is a thing quite of the past—and who are, in most cases, mothers of large families, if not grandmothers—"Mrs. Bell, you understand these things. Can she be moved? You think not—not just yet? Very well; let her remain here for the present, until the doctor comes. Something to put under her head? Certainly. By all means. Herè, Hobson! Where's the property master? Bring a cushion, or something. A glass of water, Mrs. Bell? Certainly. Fetch a glass, some of you girls."

A whisper went through the throng—a look of surprise—something of a snigger, perhaps—midst all the alarm and sorrow and sympathy. It was said that the hus-

band of Madlle. Boisfleury had come down to the theatre. Some one spoke on the subject to Grimshaw.

"Let him come, of course," said Grimshaw. "I never knew she had a husband," he added, in a lower voice, as he turned on his heel: "but somehow these women always do have husbands. I don't see that he has any grounds for an action, however." He invoked—not a blessing upon husbands generally, and then went away to abuse an inebriated scene-shifter, and discuss with Tacker the performance of the morrow.

"If she's too bad to show," he said, "who are we to put into the part? Is Celine strong enough? She's ugly, I know; but her figger aint bad."

Wilford Hadfield was led to where the poor woman was lying.

A pillow had been placed under her head. To effect this it had been necessary to raise her a little. The pain so occasioned, in a measure, restored her to animation. She was sprinkled with water, and Mrs. Bell was busy bathing her temples and fanning her. She shivered—her lips parted—her eyes half opened—she drew together her hands, her fingers twitching convulsively.

"Her arms aint broken, at any rate," said a carpenter, who still loitered near. Perhaps he had experience of accidents.

"Regine!" said Wilford, in a low, deep voice. He knelt at her side. Her head turned in the direction of his voice. She gazed into his face in a wild, dazzled sort of way.

"You, Wilford?" she asked at last; "and here?"

"I saw all," he said. "Do you suffer much?" and he took her hand.

"You wished me dead, are you satisfied?" she moaned, closing her eyes again, and shivering.

There was another movement among the crowd, now at some distance from the sufferer. Two gentlemen approached.

"The doctor," people said to each other.

"Are you a doctor?" whispered Martin to Monsieur Chose.

"Have no fear!" was the calm answer.

"Ah!" cried Martin. "He is here, then!" And his eyes lighted upon the figure of Wilford, kneeling at the side of Regine.

"It is true," Monsieur Chose muttered,

"the gentleman from the Soho quarter. You know him?" he inquired of Martin.

A little ballet-girl, with a frightened, childish face, stepped forward. She had overheard the inquiry. She had a timid, shy manner, but the excitement of the occasion gave her courage. Perhaps she was amazed that the doctor did not hasten to his patient, was anxious that he should lose no time by standing on ceremony.

"He is only the husband of Mademoiselle Boisfleury," she said.

The Frenchman uttered a strange ejaculation—a sort of click in his throat which might signify anything—surprise, inquiry, suppressed laughter, regret, anything.

"Only the husband!" he said, and nudged his companion.

"You wished me dead, are you satisfied?" Regine asked again in a trembling voice.

Monsieur Chose overheard. He whispered in Martin's ear,—

"Regard, then—how women are clever! How quick to avail themselves of a chance, to twist it to their own advantage! How it is extraordinary! See! she would have him to believe—the tall white gentleman with the beard—that she fell not by accident, but on purpose. It is wise! It is admirable! Women are superb, always! If she has done him a wrong, will he not pardon her now? How all that is adorable!"

Martin did not appear to enjoy especially the opportunity his companion had selected for descanting upon feminine peculiarities. But he already understood that Monsieur Chose was not a gentleman of any great depth of feeling. Monsieur Chose had not hurried himself in making his way to the stage; he had even loitered to point out one or two details of stage management he deemed worthy of observation.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said, with a smiling approval as they came along, "how are all these things curious and interesting and full of charm! How familiar they seem to me—how I feel at home thus surrounded—how I am reminded of my *jeunesse*."

Upon the stage he surveyed through his gold spectacles the assembled group with a smiling, rather leering patronage. Then he whispered to Martin,—

"How different are the stalls and the stage! It is wonderful! Your Mademoi-

selle Blondette is *un peu maigre* when one comes to see her close!"

"O Wilford! you will never pardon me," murmured Regine.

"Let us not speak of this now, Regine," said Wilford. "Are you much hurt? Can you bear to be raised?"

"Why are you here? Why do you speak so kindly to me? Why do you not permit me to die? Why do you come here?"

"It may be it is my duty to be here."

"You do not hate me?"

"No. Heaven forbid!"

"But you do not know all—you do not know all, or you would kill me—you would curse me!"

"She *loves* then always *ce grand monsieur*. Is it not so? Does it not seem so? *Mon dieu!* it is very interesting this scene."

But Martin rather shrunk at the light tone of his companion.

"It is with regret I disturb this *réunion* of lovers, but it is time, is it not, to assume my rôle of doctor?" He advanced to Regine. "Stop, then, dear children," he said to the ballet; "stand back, if you please; give us, then, all the air we can have. Thank you, madame," he continued, bowing to Mrs. Bell, who at his signal relinquished her task of fanning Regine, and withdrew. "Thank you, a thousand times—that will do."

"He is a Frenchman—the private doctor of Mademoiselle Boisfleury," said the little ballet-girl, with very wide-open eyes.

"We have want of air—it is necessary for the poor child to breathe." He took a pen-knife from his pocket and cut the lace of her dress. He turned to Wilford standing at his side abstractedly. "A glass of water, if you please, monsieur. Will you get it for me?" he asked with extreme politeness.

Wilford, hardly knowing what he was doing, went in quest of the water.

Monsieur Chose beckoned to Martin.

"Would you like to assist at the performance of a little drama in one act?" he asked, with a strange grimace.

He appeared to read in Martin's puzzled expression an answer sufficiently affirmative.

"Look, then," he said. He removed his hat and gold spectacles carefully; he rumbled his thick black hair, and pushed it back from his face and behind his ears. He

took the hands of Regine and pressed them, drawing her towards him.

"Regine!" he called in a hissing whisper. She started. With staring eyes she looked into his face.

"Regine!" he repeated. "*Ma chatte bien aimée.*"

"You!" she exclaimed, wildly, trying to draw her hands from his.

"*Ah, oui,*" he answered, "*c'est moi, chère Mimi, ma belle biche blanche!*"

"Here? Am I dreaming?—am I mad? Where is Wilford? If he should see you—if he should know——" She was raising her voice in a scream.

"*Silence, amie!*" said the Frenchman, sternly.

"O RENE!" she cried, "what have I done?—what do you wish me to do?" and she swooned back.

Wilford returned with some water. The Frenchman sprinkled some on her face, and wetted her temples and the palms of her hands.

He rose.

"Her limbs are safe," he said aloud, "the brain is not injured, nor the spine. For the ribs I will not say; if they press upon the lungs—the heart—it may be bad. She can be moved from here soon. It is not good for her to remain here,—it is cold—there is very much of draughts; she had better be taken to her dressing-room for the present; let a couch be brought upon which she may be carried." He resumed his glossy hat and gold spectacles.

"It was interesting, was it not?" he asked in a low voice, turning to Martin.

"You know her, then?"

"Perhaps—a little; but behold! *ce monsieur*. It is a little history of which I have revealed to you—a chapter, do you see?—that is all. Ah! *ce monsieur*, regard him—the poor husband, is it not so? I have for him a grand sympathy."

Regine recovered a little.

"Wilford!" she murmured.

He again took her hand; she opened her eyes with a shudder, and then started.

"No," she cried, "it was a dream,—this is really Wilford!"

"The brother of Mademoiselle Boisfleury!" said the little ballet-girl, as some one else appeared upon the scene.

"Ah! behold the brother, Monsieur Alexis," muttered Monsieur Chose. "Truly this is charming. We have quite a family *r union*."

Wilford fell back as his eyes rested upon Alexis.

"Are you much hurt, Regine?" asked Alexis, as he stooped down; his voice was cold and unsympathetic enough.

"I suffer frightfully," said the poor woman, turning away her head. Perhaps she had some innate fear as to the consolation likely to be proffered her by Monsieur Alexis.

"I have great grief for you, my sister," he said in a mocking, insulting tone that gave the lie to his words. "You will not be able to appear to-morrow night—no, nor the next, nor the next. You will not appear for a long time. Your engagement will be broken—you will be dismissed. It is terrible, is it not? Do you know who will sustain your *r le* to-morrow?" He paused, and a frightful grin passed over his face. "From henceforward Mademoiselle Blondette will play *Fiametta*. It is charming, is it not? How I shall applaud!"

Regine writhed as she lay; the insult gave her strength. She scowled at Monsieur Alexis.

"She will be hissed by the public!" she said hoarsely, "she is a skeleton. Away with your Mademoiselle Blondette! What do I care? You are an imbecile! Her sharp bones will project, let her paint as thick as she may. Truly, she is what you call *lath and plaster*! Go, little fool."

The expression of Regine's face, as she said these words, was not pleasant.

Monsieur Alexis slunk away. Regine's strength left her as the taunts of Alexis faded from her memory.

"Wilford!" she cried. He came to her again.

"O Wilford! you will never pardon me."

"Do not think so, Regine, my poor soul. I will try to pardon. What right have I to withhold forgiveness? I will try to pardon, and I shall succeed."

"But you do not know, perhaps. You cannot know——"

"Know what, Regine?"

"I have disobeyed you—I have acted cruelly, shamefully, again. It is since our meeting, Monsieur Wilford——"

"What have you done?"

"Pardon me. I have seen *her*—Violet—your wife! Pardon me—no! You cannot—you cannot!"

"Violet!" he screamed, aghast. "You have dared do this?—you have seen *her*—you have spoken to her?"

"I have insulted her—wronged her. I have told her *all*! More—I have lied to her!"

"*All*! O God! She has learnt this dreadful news, and not from me. It has come upon her a sudden blow—she will sink beneath it—you have killed her!" He staggered back. He glared fiercely at Regine.

"Pardon me!" she cried again in agony.

"I cannot—I cannot!" and he pushed his way angrily through the bewildered bystanders.

"Wilford!" cried Martin, hastening after him. But the cry was not heard. Wilford was gone.

"Stop, *mon ami*," said the Frenchman to Martin, who was starting in pursuit. "You know, then, this gentleman?"

"He is the dearest friend I have in the world," Martin exclaimed, warmly.

"Ah, then it is different. But it is too late to stop him now. You will not catch him, and you will lose an episode very interesting. See, the English doctor has arrived."

A stout, red-faced man advanced, hurried.

"Where is she?" he asked, bluntly, blowing his nose fiercely, and flourishing about a large silk handkerchief of many colors.

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, removing his hat and bowing obsequiously, "I have to demand a thousand pardons. I am also an humble follower of your distinguished profession. I have hitherto seen to the lady whose sufferings are the cause of your presence, then, as of mine. But I hasten to render her to your cares. My diploma is not of this country. Accept, Monsieur le Docteur, the assurance of my highest consideration. In your hands the patient will be secure. I cede her to you——"

"Well, well, let me go and see what's the matter;" and the English doctor brushed past, loudly blowing his nose, like the "advance" on the trumpet.

"How these English are droll," said the Frenchman with a pitying smile, raising his eyebrows and his shoulders. "But see, he

is a man of action, he is already having the patient moved upon a *fauteuil*. It is true that she has fainted again. But what does it matter? It is time to go home."

"See about the bills," said Grimshaw, to certain of his officers, "and the advertisements. Put up Blondette, 'in consequence of the severe indisposition of Boisfleury.' One good thing—the run won't be stopped. Brown or anybody can play Blondette's part. She's a plucky girl is Blondette, and the public like her. She's not a bit afraid. She'd hang on to the rope by her eyelashes to get a round of applause. We sha'n't do so badly. There'll be a row, of course, about dangerous performances; but that always brings the money in and fills the private boxes. The west end will come down to the place in a body if they think there's an excitement to be got out of the thing; and I shall be able to get a letter into the papers, defending the theatre; those are always the best advertisements for which you don't have to pay; and we must be careful to *bill* the bally well. If Boisfleury's really bad, we'll get up a subscription, and I'll head it, and that will look well; and then we can have up a benefit for her, and come the charitable move, with a prologue for the occasion by a literary swell. Somehow we sha'n't do so badly. A rehearsal, mind, tomorrow, at twelve, for Blondette; you must attend to it, Tacker; I sha'n't be here; I've got an appointment with a man who's brought over a performing elephant—wonderful animal, I'm told—does the *globe roulant* and the double *trapeze*—that ought to draw, I think."

Martin and the Frenchman stood outside the theatre.

"Nearly two o'clock," said Martin, looking at his watch. He paused for a minute, then he added, rather sadly, "No, it will avail nothing if I go to him now. By this time he will know all. Poor Wil."

"All?" said the Frenchman, a strange smile running along his thin lips. "You think he will know all? Pardon me: he will not know all yet."

"What do you mean, monsieur?" asked Martin, eagerly.

"Smoke, *mon ami*," and Monsieur Chose proffered an embroidered cigar-case. Each lighted a cigar.

"You are interested much, very much, it

seems, in this Monsieur Wilford, and shall I say Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury, or Madame sa femme? Mis-tress Wilford—is that not correct English?"

Martin thought for a moment; an idea appeared to occur to him; he drew himself up; then he bowed with an extreme courtesy to the Frenchman.

"Monsieur," he said, very deliberately, speaking in French, "it is not for me, I comprehend perfectly, to ask of you questions. These it may be in your power to answer; still I feel, monsieur, that the claim I can make for the information your replies would afford to me must be of the very slightest. Briefly, I have no right to ask you for information; still, monsieur, I venture to hope for your aid." They bowed to each other here, removing their hats—indeed, a like ceremony was gone through at nearly every full stop. "You understand, monsieur—you can appreciate with that intimate acquaintance with the habits and perceptions and sympathies of this country which you have manifested in the course of this evening in a manner so full of charm and interest," Monsieur Chose quite purred with pleasure, "that in England what is known as 'the home,' 'the hearth,' 'the peace of the domestic circle,' is of a value inestimable. In an English family dear to me, and in whose happiness I take an interest which may seem to you extraordinary, but which is, in fact, capable of an easy explanation, some events of an unhappy nature have recently occurred. Monsieur Wilford, a husband, a father, has been subjected to a claim on the part of Mademoiselle Boisfleury; but I need not, I am sure, go further with this painful case. Your admirable intelligence anticipates me. My interest in this family is very great, as I have said."

"Does he love Madame, the *other* wife?" was Monsieur Chose's sinister French suggestion. But he kept it to himself.

"I feel that you are in possession of information in regard to Mademoiselle Boisfleury that may be of vital consequence to this family. You are the member of the executive of a foreign government whose knowledge is justly reputed to be universal. In the course of your professional career you have become acquainted with certain valuable facts. But, monsieur, it is not in your character of a member of the executive that

I elect to address you. No, monsieur, I ask you to put on one side wholly these considerations. I, an Englishman, in sorrow and suffering, appeal to you as one man imploring assistance from another. I address myself to those sentiments of the heart to which a gentleman of the glorious country of France has ever responded. Monsieur, I appeal to that elevated sensibility, to that chivalrous devotion, to that generosity, grand and simple, the peculiar privilege of Frenchmen; and, monsieur, I am satisfied I shall not in vain request your assistance. You will help me. You will join with me in the effort to restore peace to this sad English home. You will tell me all you know concerning this Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury."

"Monsieur!" cried the Frenchman, radiant with delight. "How you are a poet! how you are sublime—superb. I am yours—for always—I consecrate my life to your service. But one thing remains, *embrassons nous*."

And Martin found himself hugged to the heart of the Frenchman. There was a strange look in Martin's face as it appeared over the shoulder of Monsieur Chose. The Englishman was certainly convulsed—it might have been with poetical expansion—but it was a little like suppressed laughter.

Afterwards Martin handed his card to Monsieur Chose, who promised to call upon him without loss of time. Finally they parted upon terms of a remarkable cordiality, with protestations of affection.

"Well," said Martin, smiling, as he walked towards the Temple, "I might have talked a long time to an English 'peeler' about sentiment, and chivalry, and devotion before I should have got anything out of him. There is a wonderful charm in bathos. I do believe that with an appropriate burst of sentimental rubbish, judicious smiling, and incessant taking off one's hat, a Frenchman can be made to say or do anything." Then he added, rather gloomily, "It remains to be seen, however, whether this man has really any information to give, after all. What can he tell me that I don't know already? Who is he? The lover of Mademoiselle Regine? To turn from Wilford to him! Heaven! what are women not capable of! How horrible all this is. Yet—no

—don't let me censure all women in one breath."

He was very sad indeed as he entered his darkened rooms, and felt for the matches on the chimney-piece.

"A letter!" he said, "from whom? An answer already from the lawyer?"

And he read aloud.

"*Sise Lane, Bucklersbury, London.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am able at once to answer your inquiries. Certain relatives of the late Mr. — are clients of our firm. My information is derived from them, and is therefore reliable. Mr. — was in holy orders. He left England in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, and died shortly afterwards at a French seaport. No proceedings were ever taken in reference to him, nor was his absence ever brought officially before the bishop of his diocese. Upon his death the Reverend Mr. — succeeded to his cure. I shall be happy to furnish you with any detailed information as to this question that you may desire, and

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN JORDAN.

"George Martin, Esq."

"So then," said Martin, "there is no hope in that quarter. I have now only this broken reed of a Frenchman to lean upon. A broken reed, indeed. 'René,' she called him. René what? I don't even know his name. He may not come after all—he may wake and think I have fooled him. I have not the slightest hold upon him, and perhaps I may never see him again. It's a sad, sad business. Poor Wilford! Poor Violet! I must go round to Freer Street to-morrow. I wish I could have spoken to him to-night, after the accident, and stopped him. Poor fellow! What will he do when he finds that Violet is gone?" He stopped and shuddered. "Nothing rash—I trust he will do nothing rash. But I did not like the expression of his face as he hurried from the theatre."

For some time Martin remained, holding the lawyer's letter in his hand. He was oppressed with very painful thoughts—very strange dreads.

When at last he took his candle and went to bed he obtained little rest. When he was able to sleep at all he was the victim of terrible dreams, and woke frequently, starting up in quite a paroxysm of alarm.

CHAPTER XXIII. A SISTER-IN-LAW.

It was morning. Mr. Phillimore, restless, uncomfortable, disturbed, paced up and down his front room in Freer Street. His toilet was little cared for, and he had not enjoyed his breakfast. He no longer appeared to be the same cozy, prosperous picture-dealer—genial almost to joviality, serene almost to sublimity—who, at an earlier period of this history, had the honor of introduction to the reader. His sleekness had gone; he was as a cat with its fur rubbed roughly the wrong way; the bloom of his smugness had been blemished; he was as a fingered plum, more unsightly from its disfigured beauty than if it had never possessed beauty at all—just as a pretty lady with pock-marks is less attractive than a plainer woman with a smooth skin. If Mr. Phillimore had seemed less supremely happy before, he would not have been so remarkable an object now in his hour of depression. Even the gorgeousness of his brocaded dressing-gown did little to redeem the melancholy nature of his presentment; his splendor seemed inappropriate, useless, culpable even in connection with his state of mind—altogether out of place, like coronation robes upon a deposed monarch. The economy of his life appeared to have been visited by a convulsion; his career had suffered a sprain, if not an absolute dislocation. He was not the same man: for he was now miserable, and he had never been that before. He would have gone out in unpolished boots and a crumpled cravat; and the thought began to occur to him that, after all, port wine, even the best and in pints, was an over-rated drink.

He was himself struck by the change in his appearance. He paused before the mirror in the carved oak frame.

"I look disgraced and deboshed, that's quite clear; I've lost my old burgomaster air; or else I'm a burgomaster that's been in the Bench or dragged through the court after opposition on the part of all the creditors. I look no better now than a toper by Ostade, or a skittle-player by Teniers. Hum! It's not pleasant. If I had looked like the Banished Lord, in the National Gallery, or Ugolino, I wouldn't so much have minded. It can't be helped! I suppose people always go down in effect when their collections are dispersed, or their galleries

burnt down; and I'm not even insured! I doubt even if I could have effected an insurance. But what then? No money can replace an art-treasure. My sweet Raphael, with her pure, lovely, saintly look! I suppose she always hid her nimbus somehow in her bonnet, or twined her hair-plaits over it. She's gone—went away suddenly and sorrowfully, a glaze of tears dimming her lustrous, religious, gray eyes; and no one knows where she's gone; and she's taken the precious little Fiamingo with her; and St. Joseph, too, has disappeared; I begin to be afraid that he's not a Joseph at all. No; nor a saint neither. And my *riposa* is utterly ruined, past all repairing or replacing. It's very, very sad! I seek recreation, and I see a Murillo break away from its cord and nearly smash itself into pieces. I try devilled oysters for consolation, and I find that the devil predominated greatly over the fish; then rum-punch and oblivion, to be followed by nightmare, and dyspepsia, and headache, and misery, and the unwholesome effect of a very bad Dutch picture."

He took a few more strides about the room.

"The whole household upset. The Rembrandt doesn't know what's become of herself—she won't be worth a frame soon—she's washed her face with her tears about the loss of the Fiamingo, and she puts rancid butter on the toast and forgets to put the tea in the pot; and that at a time when I particularly wanted tea. I see what it is. It's quite time I retired from business; or I'll go into the country and devote myself to landscapes—they can't run away."

He took up the *Times* newspaper.

"I wonder whether it will be any good if I were to advertise—'Lost, stolen, or strayed, an undoubted *riposa* by Raphael.' The public must be warned against buying the figures cut out and sold separately—that's always a dodge with picture-thieves. I should have to offer a very considerable reward. It would make a great sensation in the trade. Why I'd sooner have given the picture to the government even than such a thing as this should have happened!"

So Mr. Phillimore rambled on in his eccentric way. Suddenly, Sally appeared at the door.

"Lawks!" she said, looking round.

"Why I thought there was some one else here by the talking. You *have* got a lot to say to yourself!"

"What do you want here, Sally? I shall not have any dinner to-day! I shall never want dinner any more!"

But Sally paid no heed to this sad remark.

"He's come back!" she said in a loud whisper.

"Who's come back?" Mr. Phillimore inquired.

"The master on the first floor. Haven't you heard him moving about? He's come back, but he aint been to bed all night."

"How awful!" cried Mr. Phillimore, clasping his hands.

"Where is she?" he keeps on asking. "Where is she?" as if I could tell him!"

"As if, indeed!" echoed Sally's master.

"Seems to me as if he was going out of his mind like," said Sally, "and he looks shocking, and he's emptied the water-bottle—"

"Hush!" said Mr. Phillimore, starting up and running to the window; "there's some one at the door."

After a moment's pause, he exclaimed,—

"Bless my soul! Why it's the sister of the Raphael—it's the Lancet—the Greuze—but how she's grown!—how she's changed!—why she's positively developing into a Guido!"

Mr. Phillimore was correct. Miss Margaret Fuller—the sister of Violet—knocked at the door of the house in Freer Street. She had grown tall, and grand looking, and very handsome. More, as Mr. Phillimore hastened to assure himself, from her richness of hue—quite Giorgionesque, as he said—than from any absolute regularity in the outline of her features. A trace of the Madge of old might have been perceived in the carelessness which permitted a thick, tangled cable of warm-colored hair to protrude from the back of her bonnet in a great loop. Her form was rounded. The angularities and disproportions of her youth had vanished; her figure seemed now to have been cast in a full, massive mould; and her manners and movements had acquired a solidity and dignity that were indeed quite new.

But her apparent calmness did not make it the less evident that she was really very angry. There was a rich glow upon her

cheeks—her delicate nostrils were dilated: by the marked rise and fall of her bosom it could be told that her heart was throbbing with some violence, and her breathing quick. Her superb blue eyes seemed quite to emit light. They were thrown so wide open, and were so brilliantly bright and limpid. She hurried past Sally,—there was just a slight smile of recognition playing upon her red lips—but the Rembrandt understood that the situation did not admit just then of conversation—there were other more pressing matters demanding the attention of the visitor. Madge ascended the stairs, and entered the front room on the first floor—it had been Violet's drawing-room.

Wilford was crouched upon the sofa. She started back as she discovered him. He was dreadfully pale—his hair rumpled, falling upon his face—his beard dishevelled—his whole appearance neglected and disarranged. He appeared to have torn open his shirt, round his neck, and flung away his neckerchief. His boots were covered with mire—his clothes splashed and creased. He was staring fixedly into vacancy before him—apparently abstracted—unconscious.

Madge stopped, hesitatingly, when she perceived him.

"Can it be?" she asked herself, with a very leaping heart. "Is he mad?"

His appearance was sufficiently strange to warrant the question. Madge grew a little frightened.

"Wilford!" she said at length, in a tolerably firm voice. But he did not hear—or did not heed her.

"Wilford!" she repeated. This time she was evidently trembling.

He heard her then. He started, like a man rousing himself with some effort from an absorbing and terrible dream. He passed his hands over his eyes—he pushed his hair from his forehead. He gazed round him in a wild, bewildered way. At last his eyes settled upon the figure of Madge standing in the doorway. His countenance underwent a rapid change, though its duration was but momentary; but the look of deep despair and acute suffering yielded to the brief rule of a hopeful and radiant expression. Though the likeness of Madge and Violet was by no means remarkable, there was at certain times that general resemblance between them to be always found

amongst members of the same family. With his whole mind concentrated upon his absent Violet, his every wish magnetically drawn to her, he was liable to be morbidly influenced by the sudden apparition of Madge. For an instant he thought he really saw what it was the sole passionate desire of his soul that he should see; and the figure of Madge seemed to him as a vision of Violet. He uttered a strange cry—he held out his hands imploringly—he fell on his knees.

"Violet! Violet!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "Have pity! Have mercy! Forgive me!"

But he had no sooner spoken than he became conscious of his error. He pressed his hands upon his head, as though to bind together by that action his disturbed, distracted intellects. He shrunk back, still kneeling, and his voice thick and hoarse, as though it escaped with difficulty from his parched throat. He cried,—

"No, it is *not* Violet—it is *not* Violet," and he stopped. A pause of a few moments.

"No, it is not Violet," said Madge, at last, painfully agitated and very pale, but with an attempt at calmness and severity. "It is I—her sister. I have come here to demand—" but her assumed strength gave way. She yielded herself to a passionate burst of tears, as she cried, in a broken voice, "O Wilford, Wilford, why have you done this? Why have you made us all so wretched? What have we ever done that you should bring this cruel, cruel wrong upon us? Oh, how shameful, how cruel, how miserable all this is!"—then her sorrow fairly conquered the poor girl's utterance, and her further words were lost in her loud, heartbroken sobs.

He raised his hand to her again beseechingly. She turned away from him!

"Where is she? Tell me, Madge. Where is she?" he asked, hoarsely. It was some moments before she was able to answer.

"She is with us. She is safe with us, at Grilling Abbots. With us, who love her—who would die for her."

"Does she suffer very much, Madge? Tell me. I implore you, Madge—my sister—tell me! Is she well?"

"Well?" she exclaimed, with anger. "How can she be well? No, you cruel

Wilford, she is not well—she will never be well—it will kill her—she is dying."

From a kneeling he sunk to a crouching position on the floor, and cried, in an agony,—

"Don't say that, Madge! Don't—don't—for God's sake, don't tell me she is dying, and that I am her murderer!"

There was such genuine suffering in the tone of this cry, that even Madge, with all her predetermination to be harsh and cold and obdurate, was moved in spite of herself.

"O Wilford," she said, "how dreadful all this is—how miserable! Who could have believed our happiness could have ended like this? I cannot think of it. I cannot believe it to be true. It seems like some terrible dream from which I shall suddenly awake to find myself at home, and safe, and all well. Is it true? Tell me, Wilford, that it is all a mistake, or a jest—a mad, wicked jest; that we can laugh now that it is over, though it pained us so greatly while it lasted. Wilford, tell me this!"

But he only swayed about on the floor, bowing down his head. She saw there was no hope. She read in the utter wretchedness of his looks that all was only too true.

"How happy we were!" she went on; "how proud my poor Vi was of you, and of her poor baby—how fond—how devoted! She would have given her life for you, Wilford, at any moment. Violet, my sweet sister—so good—so pure—so true, who loved you with her whole soul, whose gentle heart was yours, forever, Wilford. Oh, how have you repaid that love!"

He moaned piteously, and the tears stood in his glaring bloodshot eyes.

"And we—miles away in the country—at Grilling Abbots. Papa and I alone, in our little white cottage, were always with you and Violet, Wilford, in our thoughts. Yes," she added, in a soft, low voice; "and in our prayers. I never went to bed at night," she continued, "but I prayed to God for your happiness—for the safety of Violet and her poor little child; and for your safety, too, Wilford: it was but praying for myself, for what was your happiness, after all, but mine? Yes, and we shared her joy, her pride in you, her devotion to you, as now,—now we must share her sorrow, her great

and cruel anguish. You never gave us a thought, perhaps; you had other things to occupy you here, in this great London, but we were always full of you; it was our comfort in the evening to draw together and talk of you, wondering what you were doing, what you were saying then, at that moment, whether by chance you were near us in thought as we were near you. And papa, how proud he was of Violet, how tenderly he loved her! You will never know how cruelly it pained him to part with her, even to give her to you, whom he loved and trusted for years and years, as his own son. Oh, how dreadfully all this has ended! Who could have looked forward to this! And then, to please him, I learnt to play Violet's favorite airs on the piano, and the Mozart songs from the old book, that you were so fond of. It was only so, in thinking of her constantly, we could find consolation for her absence—in thinking of her and remembering that she was happy here, as we thought, with her husband and her baby child. You cannot know how I loved my sister Vi: as, indeed, I ought to love her, for was she not good and true and beautiful as one of God's angels? My poor, poor sister——” and Madge surrendered herself to a tearful grief that would permit of no more words.

“Spare me, Madge—my sister,” said Wilford; and he dragged himself along the ground to her, and took her hand, pressing it to his lips. She made only a feeble effort to withdraw it—indeed, her sorrow seemed quite to have deprived her of strength.

“I didn't intend to come here and cry like this,” she said, after a pause; “but— but indeed I can't help it. Each time I think of poor Vi, the tears *will* come into my eyes. I thought I was above such weakness. I thought I was too angry and stern and indignant, to cry; and I came here to learn from you—from your own lips, Wilford, whether Violet had heard aright, whether the story that woman told—that other dreadful woman—whether her story was true. There was a hope—a weak one perhaps, for she brought proofs with her, it seems—a hope that she was a cheat and a forger, as she was a bold, bad, shameful woman, or she wouldn't have treated Violet so cruelly—would never have said to her the wicked, wicked things she did say, or have spoken of the poor unoffending baby as she did. I

can't say her cruel, heartless words. What had Violet or her child ever done to her? What wrong? What injustice? None—none: they could not; they would not! My poor Vi, who never did an injustice in word, or deed, or thought, to any living creature; who would step aside to spare a worm; nay, she would remove it rather with her own hands to a place where it was likely to be safe from other feet. What wrong could she have done to this unfeeling, heartless woman? I came here, if not at Vi's request, at least with her sanction. I wrung it from her, ere she went to sleep last night, in my arms, the tears still wet upon her pale cheeks——”

“Tell me of her, Madge,” Wilford interrupted, passionately. “Speak to me of her—tell me she lives and loves me still; at least she does not hate—does not scorn me.”

“Have you a right to ask for her love?—ask yourself that question,” said Madge, the fire of her eyes not quite quenched by her tears; “haven't you earned her hatred and her scorn?—if indeed it were possible for her to hate and to scorn anybody or anything!”

“But speak to me of her, Madge—I will ask that only,” he urged, with an earnest humbleness.

“Tell me first, then. Is it true? When you married Violet, you had been already married to this bad, foreign woman?”

“God help me!” he moaned. “It is true!”

“And this woman still lives?”

“Yes!” he said, utterly prostrated.

“And Violet is without a husband! Your child is without a father! O Wilford, how could you bring this unutterable shame upon us? How could you wrong so infamously one who loved and trusted you so purely and wholly as Violet loved and trusted? She would have staked her life upon your truth and honor, Wilford: how could you stoop to this wrong-doing? She was warned when she married you that your early life had been strange and wild, but she would not listen to such words in her boundless faith in you. With her own true nobleness she waved away these hints and rumors; she trusted in the future—in you. She gave herself, her heart, her all, to your keeping. She never once looked back with a regret

or forward with a suspicion. She was wholly yours. O Wilford, I will speak the words—you are a monster and a coward and a villain! You have wronged past all reparation, one of the best and purest and noblest creatures that ever lived upon God's earth. Shame on you! Violet may not hate or despise, but I do. I am less forgiving, as I am less good, less beautiful: in every way inferior to her. I loathe and scorn you with all my heart and soul!"

She moved away, tore her hand from him, and swept her skirts from his reach. She stood at length at some paces' distance, glowing with passion—very beautiful, but very fierce, very angry.

"Madge!" he cried, hoarsely, with a painful effort. "I swear to you, that when I married Violet—"

"Don't lie to me, Wilford. Don't make your sin greater by trying to make it seem less. I know the truth. I know that you have made my poor sister your victim by a most infamous treachery. But just as she was good and truthful herself, so she believed others to be the same. So she was caught and betrayed by your most wicked plot. Could nothing induce you to spare her, you heartless man? Did neither her beauty nor her purity move you to pity? Don't lie to me, sir: you know that you have been guilty of a shameful wrong. Be assured that your guilt is now known, that your sin is now laid bare. You married Violet, knowing that your marriage was a fraud and falsehood. Still you hoped to escape detection; you changed your name; you lived here obscurely, unknown; you never returned to Grilling Abbots—to the Grange; you sought to sever every tie that united you to us—to our family, and to your own at Grilling Abbots. The plot was as adroit as it was wicked, cruel. It has succeeded; your blow has struck well home; and you have killed the poor confident, loving, tender woman who believed herself your wife. Surely you are satisfied. Stop now; let there be no more wrong-doing. Your lies are thrown away now—at least, they will not deceive us any more."

Very slowly, by grasping a chair, and so half pulling himself up—for he seemed terribly crushed by his suffering—Wilford raised himself, his face quite livid, the perspiration in beads upon his forehead, wet-

ting his matted hair. He stretched out a shaking hand.

"My sister—Madge, will you hear me?" he said, in tones so solemn and strange that, in spite of herself, she was awed and silenced. "You do me a grave injustice, but let that pass. Perhaps I may never hope for Violet's pardon or pity. The wrong I have done—I am quite conscious how great and cruel that wrong is—may well hinder her from one further feeling of tenderness towards me. Still, Madge, it cannot but be some comfort to her in the future to know that her suffering, her anguish—well—her shame, if you will have it so, was brought about certainly by no human design, but by means of an awful and inscrutable accident—a wild, mad chance. If you will see in it the hand of an Almighty, chastening a prodigal and a wrong-doer, even at the sacrifice of one of the purest, and best, and noblest of his creatures, be it so; I may not gainsay you. But, my sister, I swear to you—"

But again she shrunk from him. He could not but perceive it, and he stopped. Presently he resumed, however, lowering his eyes, and in a low, agitated voice.

"I cannot marvel, I can still less complain that you should persist in a refusal to credit me. After what has happened it is perhaps but natural that you should distrust, despise, hate me—it is part of my punishment that this should be so. I can bear it. It is not for myself I speak. I am not coward enough for that. It is for her sake—for Violet's—that I ask you to hear me. For one moment, Madge, try to think of me as I seemed to you before this awful revelation was made. You would have believed and trusted me then,—no one sooner,—and I am not changed; it is the same Wilford Hadfield who speaks to you, and implores you to hear and to credit. On my soul, then, I swear to you that when I married Violet, your sister—I swear it—I believed that *the other* was dead—believed that I held proof, certain proof, of her death years and years before."

"Yet you never breathed word of this to Violet, never told her of your former love—of your former marriage!"

"No; because it was a shame and a sin, taken at the best. I could not speak on such a subject to her. I loved her. I had need of all her love, all her respect. I did

not dare to risk the loss of these by drawing the curtain that hid the past. I could not sully my union with her by a thought of that former most shameful union. I sought to conceal from her the depths to which it had been possible for her husband to sink. Years had gone by; the secret of that first marriage was known to a very, very few; these I believed—and I had reason for believing so—dead, or gone away beyond all chances of discovery. I did not dare to breathe life into the secret that seemed so dead—to hold it before Violet, my wife, as a shameful and hideous ghost of what my early life had been. Married to her, I planned a new career, founded upon the buried corpse of the past. I was presumptuous enough to think that Heaven had forgiven and forgotten! I am punished. It is not the least cruel part of my chastisement to find that the blow which has fallen upon me has struck down Violet also. For my change of name, my life here—these, I do assure you, had no connection with that dreadful secret. My sister, I swear to you that I have spoken truly."

Madge could not but be softened by his words; the tone in which they were uttered carried conviction with it.

"I believe, Wilford—at least I will try to believe that this is so. I am violent and passionate, I know; and, indeed, it is hard to be calm thinking of this subject. Perhaps I have said more than I ought. Certainly more than I had Violet's sanction to say. If this be all as you have told me, Wilford—and why should it not be? there is perhaps more need of sorrow and pity than anger, is there not? Forgive me, Wilford, if I have in speaking to you been too violent and headstrong—if I have said things I had better have left unsaid. I am only a girl; wilful, not very wise, perhaps, and my temper getting the better of me often; still you must know how much I love Vi—how I wouldn't have her injured for all the world—how the thought of a wrong to her makes me half wild. For Violet——"

"Yes, Madge, tell me of her."

"She is very still, very calm, there is hardly a tear in her eyes. Yet it is dreadful to see her. I think if she could only cry and storm and get very angry as I do, it would be better for her. Oh! so sad she looks, so wan, and hardly speaks, hardly

looks from the ground; holding her baby so close to her heart, as though she feared to lose that also; and then she turns from one to the other of us, half frightened, half imploring that we will say no word against you. She will not listen to an accusation against you. 'He is not guilty of this sin,' she murmurs always; 'he has been the victim of some scandalous fraud. He never would have done this wrong—never, never!' over and over again, like one crazed. O Wilford! you have never been so loved as Violet loved you."

"My own Violet!" he sobbed.

"Oh! she has been dreadfully tried, and yet remains good and saintly as ever. The things that foreign woman said to her! She was like a tigress let loose; she was furious in her jealousy and her hatred; smooth and calm and cunning at first, then lashing herself into a whirl of rage, and saying such things! I wish she had said them to me instead of to Violet! How could you, Wilford, have ever loved such a woman? I hate her for her shamelessness, her cruelty, her——Let me not talk of her, or I lose patience altogether. The whole thing is so wretched and sad, that I feel quite faint and sick with it. Yet I am glad I have seen you. The charge against you is dreadful enough, but it is less vague and horrible than it seemed at first. Yet all is hopeless! If I dreamt to find some flaw in the woman's story, if I ever hoped that yet a chance remained which could give you back to Violet—all that is over now; from your own lips I have had confirmation. The very first tears that Violet shed started to her eyes at my proposal that I should come up here by the early train from Mowle to see you. Poor Violet! she yet clung to the hope that the story might be false, though she was shown proof in your own writing—letters, and a certificate of the marriage—though she could not really doubt. Yet I go back something less sad, less angry. Violet is not your wife, but she has been wronged by accident, not villany."

"Did she send no word? no message?" he asked.

"We can never, never meet again," she said; 'it must be henceforth as though death had parted us. Yet let him know that if he has need of my forgiveness, it is his. I have given him my whole heart:

I cannot take it back again if I would. He will be as dead to me; but, as I have loved him living, so I will love his memory, as though he had died in my arms—my husband! I will teach my child to pray for him, and to love him. May God ever bless him! and now especially in this hour of sore trouble. Say this to Wilford, and implore him,' she went on, 'if he ever loved me, that he will forbear all attempt to see me again; there are some things it is not possible to bear. I am only a woman, and I have loved him. I dare not see him again.' So she said, the hot tears streaming from her eyes, in quite an agony of grief. And now, Wilford, I must leave you: I must go back home again."

"Why did I not die in her arms before this frightful secret was revealed? She would not then have known the wrong she had suffered, or, at least, would have seen in my death expiation sufficient. No, Madge, you must not go! At least not alone. Do not start. I must see Violet! I must! It will indeed be for the last time. Madge, I implore you, let this be so! Think what it is that I am asked to do. To go, and never see her more! To be exiled forever from her presence! Can I bear this? I who have loved her! God help me! who love her still. No! I tell you I must see

her again, though it be but for a moment. I must look once again into her eyes. I must press our child again to my heart. For it is *our* child—Violet's and mine! Then I will go away,—anywhere! I will drag out the remainder of my life, obscure and unknown, praying to Heaven that the end may soon come. Madge, have mercy, let this be so! Let me see her once again! Let me learn from her own lips that she pardons me! You will grant me this? You cannot refuse me this? Think that this would be her own wish, Madge, if she knew all! Have mercy, my sister, and let me return with you!"

And he flung himself at her feet.

Soon after they passed together out of the house in Freer Street.

"The poor master!" cried Sally, holding up her hands. "White as wax, and trembling like a haspin!"

"Shocking!" murmured Mr. Phillimore. "Yet very like an Old Master—a study by Carravaggio, say; but next to a Guido! No wonder he looks poor in color and weak in tone."

And the picture-dealer shook his head in vigorous deprecation of such an injudicious arrangement of works of art.

THE DELAWARE GRAPE—HIGH CULTIVATION.—Messrs. Tucker & Son: A few days since I visited Dr. C. W. Grant's vineyard and fruit establishment at Iona, three miles north of Peekskill, and there saw specimens of the new Delaware grape, which appears to me to be the most valuable native grape yet grown. It ripened the 15th September, and has now entirely passed, while tons of Isabella and Catawba in his vineyard are not, and will not be, even with his excellent culture, fit for market. Dr. Grant has tried the extreme of high culture. Most horticulturists may well feel alarmed at trenching three feet, and applying 1,000 loads of manure, before an acre is fit for receiving vines. Many inclinations and more purses shrink from the idea of such an expenditure, but a look at the vines shows it is good for them, and a look at a salesbook, ten tons of

grapes at fourteen cents per pound, shows a balance by no means unpleasant to look at. Then on a six year old pear tree, 400 pears sold at 12 1-2 cents apiece—Seckels, \$18 per bushel, are gratifying results.

Dr. Grant has his No. 1 Delaware vines in pots, which have grown six feet from the cutting this season—a growth I have never seen equalled. Any one fond of horticultural pursuits, and in want of vines of a superior quality, will find pleasure and instruction in a visit to Iona; stopping at Peekskill, by the Hudson River road, a boat can always be found to convey him to Iona, and after spending a few very pleasant hours, a fine boat and capital oarsmen of Dr. Grant's will send him on his way with certainly much instruction, and, if he pleases, some fine fruit.

WM. H. DENNING.

Fishkill Landing, October 6, 1857.

—Country Gentleman.

From The North British Review.

1. *The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the Scotch National Church, London; illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.
2. *Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Roseneath.* By R. H. Story. London: M'Millan. 1862.
3. *Narrative of Facts characterizing the Supernatural Manifestations in Members of Mr. Irving's Congregation, etc.* By Robert Baxter. London: James Nisbet, Berners Street. 1833.
4. *The Unknown Tongues discovered to be English, Spanish, and Latin.* By George Pilkington. London: Field and Bull. 1831.
5. *Memoirs of James and George M'Donald.* By Robert Norton, M.D. London: John F. Shaw. 1840.
6. *The Incarnation of the Eternal Word.* By Rev. Marcus Dods. London: 1845.
7. *Refutation of the Heretical Doctrine promulgated by Rev. Edward Irving.* By J. A. Haldane. Edinburgh: 1829.
8. *The Restoration of Apostles and Prophets in the Catholic Apostolic Church.* London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1861.

In Eckermann's "Conversations with Goëthe," we find the great German, on one occasion, speaking of some men as possessing a strange power, which he calls "demonic." The name, we think, is unfortunate, but the fact is real. Such men there are who do wield a certain influence, disproportioned to their mere intellectual strength, and not necessarily moral in its nature; a power, as it were, of fascination, casting a "glamor" over all who come within their sphere, and frequently also over themselves—which last, however, Goëthe forgets to notice. It seems to be connected rather with intensity than breadth of mind, and with vividness of imagination more than with originality or elevation. Possibly also it arises, more or less, from the very look and voice and manner; for, while the presence of such men seems almost irresistible, their thoughts, set down in plain print, appear often so meagre and vague that we can hardly understand how they could have influenced any but the weakest of mankind. By steadfast gazing, however, on some points, such men often discover unexpected meanings, and give them a singular life and power, nay, even glorify them with a splen-

dor which is not in them, but in the mind that looks on them; and so they come to surround themselves, and their objects, and all who come within their sphere, with a kind of luminous atmosphere, apart from which life and all its duties appear to them stale, flat, and unprofitable. It is a singular witchery, and the "glamor" is often on its author as well as on his followers. Such men, in the State, like Bentham, form a school of politicians, standing apart from the general current of thought, and, in the glory of their internal luminous atmosphere, scorning the scorn of those who stand without. In the Church, they found sects, and become saints, with or without formal canonization, till their personality, as usual, fades away into tradition. Edward Irving was a man of this type. Within a certain sphere, his influence, for a season, was almost unbounded; yet you could not say it arose from mere intellectual superiority, neither could you call it a purely spiritual power. He was worshipped by a *coterie*, and founded a sect, but his mind and imagination were more intense than great. He scorned conventionalities, and all interference between him and God; yet the Church which sprang from him is specially notable for priesthoods and formalisms, and old robes from "the Flamen's vestry." Goëthe's *demonic* power emanated from Irving above almost any in recent times: in its source it was not supremely intellectual, nor yet in its results was it chiefly spiritual; but it was an absolute fascination, and he himself was the chief victim.

Tall above the common stature of men, and rarely equalled in manly beauty, he had one unfortunate blemish,—he could not look straight. And this defect of vision had, as it were, its counterpart in the mind's eye. An intellect of great though somewhat unregulated power; a scholar of unusual attainments, at least for a Scottish minister; an orator, whose amplitude of thought, and richness of imagery, and volume and flexibility of utterance achieved some of the greatest triumphs of modern eloquence; above all, a man pure, true, brave, wholly genuine, and Christian,—he yet lacked that clear and simple insight which would have given their full value to his many gifts and virtues. This, we apprehend, was the main weakness of his character; a singular de-

fect of what we call judgment, or insight. He could find you many reasons for believing what he was resolved to believe without them. And once he took up a position, there was a noble consistency in all his relations to it, practical and intellectual. But it was often like the strange logic of dreams or insanity, where each link is perfectly sound, but the chain hangs on the merest phantom of imagination. Witness his apocalyptic interpretations; his letter to the king on the Test and Corporations Act; and all his conduct and pleadings in reference to the miserable affair of the unknown tongues. This it was which at length wrecked him; he could fascinate himself and others into the sincerest but emptiest beliefs. But in his moral character one cannot find anything mean or base—anything but what is true and pure and noble. He was not, as people once thought, puffed up with windy vanities and the poor breath of popular applause. Thomas Carlyle understands many things and many men; but he surely did not comprehend this man, his friend and brother, when he spoke of him as having swallowed this intoxication, and then, being unable to live without it, striving to win back the tide of fashion, which had ebbed from his church, and gone to “gaze on Egyptian crocodiles and Iroquois hunters.” We can see no trace of this poor craving in any part of his life. An egotist he was, but not of the paltry type. On the contrary, there was a kind of sublime humility in his egotism, like that of a Dominick or a St. Francis; and while he believed in himself, in his powers, his mission, his convictions, and scrupled not to speak of them, and to deal with as divine infallibilities, he was yet quite willing to become as nothing, if only the world would just believe with him. Hence his stout dogmatism, clothed with an appearance of reason, where that came handy and was serviceable; boldly contemptuous of reason, when that would no longer avail. But with all the confidence of the most absolute certainty, Irving could not see into the heart of things, nor estimate their true proportions; and hence, while he was a splendid creature, he was in the main a splendid failure. Not a mere London notoriety, this friend of Coleridge and admired of Canning; not an orator Henley, or a Dr. Cumming, but verily and nobly a true servant of God.

We know not what the English have thought of him, since he left them to find a resting-place in the dim, old crypt of St. Mungo's. But we can vouch for it, that in Scotland his memory has been tenderly cherished; that we are not without misgivings as to the justice of our treatment of him; and that there are far more tears dropped over his grave, than there are bitter words spoken of his life.

Of that life it was surely time that some fit record should be given, and the verdict of his contemporaries reconsidered in the fuller and calmer light we now enjoy. We have already, indeed, several biographies of Irving, more or less unsatisfactory, like most religious biographies; pious malignant memoirs by Mr. Jones, other memoirs by Mr. Wilkes, and catch-penny memoirs prefixed to surreptitious volumes of discourses. But none of these writers stood at a sufficient distance to see him rightly whose form they would portray; neither is the broken, unsettled light of controversy favorable to the formation of a correct idea of such a man. We are glad, therefore, that Mrs. Oliphant has now addressed herself to this task heartily and lovingly. The new material furnished by his brief but pregnant Diary, and by that touching little volume, “The Last Days of Edward Irving,” demanded a reconsideration of the question, what manner of man this really was; and though at one time we may have had our doubts whether the successful novelist would prove a satisfactory biographer of the great prophet-preacher, we are bound to admit that she has achieved a very remarkable success. The book is, indeed, too big; but that is a common biographical infirmity. The narrative is also sometimes diluted with rather watery reflection, and perfumed, even to sickness, with the incense of a perpetual eulogy, which goes far to provoke dislike. As we might have expected, she has grouped her materials with no small artistic skill; but occasionally, though doubtless unconsciously, with more effect than truth. Her work, however, has the one essential of every good book—it is eminently readable, in spite of its length. It has also the one essential of every good biography—a thorough sympathy with its hero, which is the only key to get at the truth about him. Being a woman, Mrs. Oliphant is, of course, a hero-

worshipper. Being a woman of genius, she has offered no mean incense to her idol. But, in exalting him, she has sometimes done but scant justice to others; and we fear she has not taken equal pains to understand those whom she condemns, as him whom she would praise. Irving will not gain by her attempt to dwarf Chalmers, or to depreciate Alexander Scott, nor by her contemptuous slighting of church courts. Yet we are very grateful to her for this picture of a good, loving, single-hearted man—a spiritual hero of the antique type, who seems almost out of place in this nineteenth century—struggling, musing, sorrowing, and little comprehended either by friend or foe; and if we complain that she has needlessly darkened the shades, and exaggerated the contrasts of her picture, we yet gladly allow that she has placed her hero in a pure and enduring light of love and tender pity, not unmixed with generous admiration, and that he is to us henceforth one of the shining immortals.

Edward Irving was born at Annan, on the Solway, in the year when France, weary of feudalism and the *Parc aux cerfs*, broke into revolution, and created the new world of social and political idea. Annandale is a region of border keeps and moss-trooping memories—a district also of westland Whiggery, where Grierson of Lagg left bloody memories, still cherished by zealous Macmillanites,—altogether a place abounding in strong natures and the raw material of a vigorous kind of life. Clapperton went from Annan to his African travels; and Thomas Carlyle got in Ecclefechan that rude strength which has proved the most potent element of his genius. In Annan, then, Irving was born, of a stout race of sheep farmers and tanners,—the Dandie Dinmont blood being mingled, however, with a foreign element of Huguenot refugees, at what time precisely we know not. One half wonders whether they might not have been “French prophets,” followers of Antoinette Bourignon, of whose heresies he was afterwards accused, though all Scotch ministers solemnly renounced them, without particularly knowing what they renounced. His father and mother seem to have been much like other shrewd, busy, Annan folk, clearly respected, but not otherwise remarkable; and the family consisted of three sons, all trained to the learned

professions, and five daughters, of whom one remains to this day, but the rest of the household have fallen on sleep. Edward got the usual parish school education to begin with; and from the parochial school, where he was not much distinguished, he went up to Edinburgh University at the age of thirteen. He did not take a high place in the university, except, perhaps, in the class where Leslie prelected on the exact sciences. By him, at the close of his academic course, he was recommended to a mathematical school in Haddington, from which he went by and by to a similar institution in Kirkcaldy, where he remained for some years, carrying on his theological studies in an irregular and fitful way, teaching, *birching* (tradition remembers that vividly), falling in love, and hearing sermons which do not appear to have satisfied him; at length also preaching sermons himself, which do not appear to have satisfied any one else. Mrs. Oliphant, holding herself bound, at all hazards, to maintain her hero's cause,—and we do not like her much the worse for that,—of course sets down this early unpopularity at Kirkcaldy, and afterwards in Glasgow, simply to the entire inability of his audience to appreciate such a man, until at least he had been labelled and ticketed by acknowledged authorities. For our own part, we have little doubt that his hearers were quite right when they would hardly tolerate him, as they were afterwards quite right when they could hardly have enough of him. The weavers and fishers of Fife were not judges indeed of literary graces, of eloquent imaginations, of curious flights into unwonted regions of theology, such as those which seemed so little profitable to the worthy minister of Haddington. But there is a fine instinct of religious consciousness which rarely fails to detect the real spiritual teacher, however blind to the splendors of the eloquent orator; and we can quite understand his early failure without attaching much blame either to himself or to his audience. Such men as Irving start with a lofty idea of their work, and of the manner of doing it; but their accomplishment generally falls far short of their ideal. Struggling after something, as yet unattainable, they must learn, by blunders and failures, to achieve the highest success; while your perfect ready-made preacher commences with unbounded popularity, ending

ere long in sleepy pews and a humdrum pulpit. Moreover, Mrs. Oliphant forgets that in Haddington shrewd Dr. Welsh, father of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, spoke of this young man as one who "would scrape a hole in everything he is called to believe." The man afterwards so notable for a faith verging on the wildest credulity, started on his life-work with an inborn scepticism, ready to "scrape a hole" in every article of the creed; nor is there any proof that he had yet escaped from that region of cold questioning and doubting. That he did leave it we know, and we might even be able to trace the steps of his transition into a purer atmosphere. But meanwhile we need not greatly blame either Kirkcaldy or Glasgow for not finding out what this aspiring licentiate was only himself dimly groping after as yet. We can see, too, at this period, even in his letters to the manse-daughters, a dash of the stiffness and pedantry and dogmatic loftiness of the schoolmaster, always distasteful to a Scotch congregation. This tendency afterwards showed itself in an assumption of a kind of priestly authority. Not content with the weight of great abilities and attainments, and high purpose and moral excellence, Irving superadded a sacerdotal dignity of language and manner, little congenial with this nineteenth century. In his early days, however, it was not yet sublimated and etherealized by the spirit which afterwards pervaded it; and we can quite believe that the Kirkcaldy folk felt that it smacked too much of the schoolmaster, compared with the shrewd and homely pieties of their good Dr. Martin.

Irving himself, we suspect, was also of our mind. For when he left Kirkcaldy and school-teaching, the first thing he did was to burn all his old sermons, resolved to begin in quite a new spirit,—a proof, surely, of dissatisfaction as well as determination. Among many scraps of characteristic anecdote which Mrs. Oliphant might have hunted up in connection with this period of his life, is the following note said to be written on a lexicon of some sort in the town of Haddington: "6 o'clock A.M. (date unknown to us). I, Edward Irving, promise by the grace of God, to have mastered all the words in alpha and beta before 8 o'clock." Then by and by: "8 o'clock A.M. I, Edward Irving, by the grace of God, have done it;"

or words to that effect. And we picture him, in his Edinburgh lodging in Bristol Port, with a similar spirit of resolute determination, making a holocaust of old sermons, fully minded "by the grace of God" to do something better; which he did, though it took a while to learn the way. Such incidents are not without meaning; nay, in them are often hid the deepest meanings of a life; and we could have wished that his biographer had spared some of her laudation and made room for more of them. Surely Kirkcaldy manse and "the Irvingites" at Kirkcaldy school, if well hunted up, might have told something more to the purpose than the story of the squealing pig! At any rate, having left Fife, and rambled over Ireland, and, well-nigh despairing of employment at home, dreamed a splendid dream about an apostolic missionary,—he became at length assistant to Dr. Chalmers, then at the height of his Glasgow popularity as a preacher and social reformer, and gradually rising into national importance as the truest exponent of pure Scottish idea.

It is with very mingled feelings that we have perused this portion of Mrs. Oliphant's book, grieving at the wrong impression it gives; while admiring the skill with which she has managed to utter a sidelong depreciation of our noblest of modern Scotchmen. It is quite unnecessary to detract from one great man in order to exalt another. The highest mountains do not rise in solitary majesty from the level plain; but rejoice in the companionship of kindred peaks and ranges. Chalmers, indeed, compared Irving's preaching "to Italian music, only appreciated by connoisseurs;" but he also said, when people were likening him in personal appearance to a Highland chief or a captain of brigands, "that at least nobody took him for anything but a leader of men." Yet we are told that he could only half understand his mysterious assistant, and regarded him, as a perplexing phenomenon, with a kind of pitying wonder. Then, moreover, to Chalmers the poor weavers and cobblers of the Tron parish were chiefly valuable as a "corpus" (not perhaps "vile"), on which he had a great experiment to perform; while to Irving they were fellow-creatures and immortal souls. Of course this is mildly softened and modified, and candied over with large admissions of statesman-like

faculty, and so on. But the impression produced is, that Chalmers looked at men for social-political purposes, much as Goëthe regarded them for artistic-literary ends, with little human sympathy, except what might be necessary just to understand them. To those who knew the man, the mere statement of such an opinion will be enough. They will feel that whether Chalmers understood Irving or not, his biographer at any rate does not understand Chalmers; for, with his genial, tolerant humor, ripest product of natural sympathies, chastened now by a profoundly Christian spirit, perhaps no man of his day, except Walter Scott, understood his countrymen so well, or entered so fully into all their life and feelings. Irving, a sublime egotist, a priest, bowed himself, with affectionate and beautiful condescension, to all human kindnesses, as became the Christian pastor; but never could be the easy, natural, laughing, almost boyish companion of all fellow-creatures, which was so natural to the big-hearted Chalmers. We shall have to return to this at a later part of the narrative; meanwhile, it is clear that Irving himself did not think like his biographer. The loyal heart of him acknowledged the regal spirit and human piety of his chief, by whose guidance he was probably led further into that truer life which began with the burning of his old sermons, and of which we shall find so full and beautiful an utterance by and by in his journal. We do not mean strictly that he was then "converted." When that happened we do not know. As with many others, baptized into the faith of God, and trained in a Christian home, it may be impossible to identify the moment or the agency of his being "born again." Who knows, indeed, that it did not happen (as we pray that it may, and as he himself in after years held that it often does), when the faithful parent presented his child for the baptismal rite of the Church? Protestant churches have involved themselves in strange inconsistencies on this head, seeking in every baptismal prayer what they repudiate in every sermon. At any rate, the influence of Chalmers, and still more of the work to which he was set by Chalmers, was profoundly important to Irving. We can trace even in his language at this time, the presence of that earnest, passionate orator,

forcing the very peculiarities of his phraseology on all who were associated with him. When Irving writes to a friend about "permeating" the families of a district, and "meeting everywhere the finest play of welcome and congeniality," no one can doubt where such expressions were minted. Nor was that influence manifest only in his language. Hitherto, Irving had speculated about preaching, like a probationer who was not often called to the work, nor very successful when he was. Such men are always admirable at finding faults. But now, brought face to face with hard realities of hunger and temptation and sin, true to his mission as an evangelist, Irving deepened in thought and earnestness, as he went out and in among the people, with his "Peace be in this house."

This time of probation, however, now drew to a close. In the end of 1821, after being only some two years in Glasgow, the way of his triumph and dolor was at length opened to him. There was a small Scotch church in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, partly for the benefit of Highland soldiers tenacious of Gaelic; and partly, in a general way, for all Scotchmen who still wished to sing their own psalms, and keep alive the memory of the Old Kirk in the modern brick Babylon. Several others of the same kind existed in London, but, on the whole, they were not thriving institutions; and of them all, Hatton Garden was at this time perhaps the least flourishing. A congregation of fifty members, in a dying-like condition, strove to keep itself alive by getting a popular minister; and who so likely to serve their purpose as the man whom Chalmers had chosen for his assistant? Thus, at length, Irving "received a call," not such as a prudent young man would have been eager to accept,—a summons rather to a forlorn hope, where even success could hardly well be anything but a laborious obscurity. Irving, however, was not a prudent young man. Full of hopes and high aspirations and young ambitions, not unnatural, he gladly received the invitation from Hatton Garden, where "the dancing Chancellor" had once "shown a good leg," dear to his queen, and also a shrewd head which she liked nearly as well. Now, as ever, indifferent to money considerations, having faith in God, and in the Christian people,

and a little, too, in himself, Irving departed for his new sphere, not without telling his friends that, "within a year he would be the most popular minister in the capital;" yet admitting, withal, that he had not been a successful preacher in Glasgow. It was about this time, we suppose, that, observing the ferryman at Renfrew crossing and recrossing the river,—“You Scotch theologians,” he said, “are like that ferryman: you cross your little stream of divinity, and return again, and see nothing more, and fancy there is no more. As for me I have launched my bark on the ocean, and expect to discover whole continents of truth.” Alas! they turned out mainly cloud-continents; and the bold mariner lost himself in the mist.

His anticipations, however, of success in London were more than realized, and sooner, too, than he could have reasonably hoped. Sir James Mackintosh had heard him in prayer pleading for some orphan children, who were now “cast upon the Fatherhood of God.” Struck with the exquisite beauty of the expression, he mentioned it to Canning, who at once made an appointment to accompany him to Hatton Garden church. By and by, finding the illustration serviceable in a debate on Church matters, Canning stated in the House that one of the most eloquent preachers he had ever heard was a minister of the poor unwendowed church in Cross Street. Straightway the volatile crowd of London fashion thronged to the new Baptist; and, every Sabbath morning, the tide of chariots, with powdered and many-caped drivers, flowed eastward to Holborn. We are not disposed to estimate their opinion so highly as Mrs. Oliphant, who esteems a reputation like that of Chalmers a very small triumph compared with this. It may be; and we are far from hinting any insinuation against Irving’s genius, or undervaluing the critical acumen of a Canning or a Mackintosh. Yet many a London idol, worshipped as devoutly, has turned out to be only a thing of gilt and gewgaws. We dissent, too, altogether from the claim which those who live in the capital are so ready to make, as if all wisdom and supreme judgment of excellence gathered around Westminster and St. Paul’s. Even in theatrical matters, in which the Cockney claims such infallibility, it is rarely

that a “star” is recognized on the boards of Drury Lane till he comes from York or Lancashire with a well-earned reputation. And singers and artists have far more respect to the London purse than to London opinion. But least of all is the Cockney sovereign-arbiter of the preaching class. To be the adored of a West-End chapel, or the lion of the mob, does by no means imply a man of the highest type—not even a man of the best speaking gift. “The gum-flowers of Almack’s are seen at Hatton Garden to-day; and to-morrow they are nodding at the yells and savage dances of an Iroquois. An orator Henley wins triumphs that may be safely compared with an Irving’s.”

Triumphant so far, at any rate, Irving now was. Every one has heard of the crowds, the file of carriages, as at an opera, the elders struggling to keep out those who had no ticket, and Basil Montague, as the *Times* said, preaching patience from a window. At first, too, there was neither opposition nor sharp criticism. Hazlitt, in *The Liberal*, indeed, called him “the most accomplished barbarian;” yet he also said, “He seems to stand up, in the integrity of his composition, to begin a new race of practising believers, and to give a new impulse to the Christian religion.” So, too, the *jeu d’esprit*, entitled the “Trial of Edward Irving,” published a year after this, when his “Orations” were now in print, exhibits, on the whole, a good-humored and friendly spirit toward him. Altogether, the London world, which had rushed to him at first without much apparent reason, found solid and good cause for abiding by him now. Earnest, eloquent, high-minded, not without fresh thoughts and fine imaginations, fearless also to rebuke—not “the wicked world” only, but “the religious world” too—this man did “stand in his integrity,” and preached the Gospel, not to the poor only, but also, as he said, “to those who bear the world on hand,” and who need to be preached to as much as others. Here, then, was success, in a sense, and almost out of measure; but at this very point we cannot help noticing the inherent defect of his mind—its contrast to that of Chalmers—its contrast to those who are now so nobly doing England’s needful work. He has gained what Chalmers called “a station of command and con-

geniality." He has the ear of senators and *litterateurs*, merchants and the moneyed classes, and "of honorable women not a few." The water is flowing to his mill in almost unmanageable torrents. What will he do with it? To a great man popularity is not an object, except as a means to a higher end. How will he "utilize" these resources for the service of God and of man? A Rev. Charles Honeyman would, as the phrase is, have "made a good thing of it;" would have taken nice apartments in some quiet street off Piccadilly, and surrounded himself with the elegancies of a soft and sumptuous life; would have sat down to write "beautiful sermons," in dressing-gown and slippers embroidered by the fair hands of pious devotees; would have given *recherché* little dinners, and had a cellar of choicest wines from rich family men in the city possessed of marriageable daughters. But Irving could not do this; the last man 'probably on earth to turn religious Sybarite, and live delicately on the priest's "best portion." The anchorite's crust and cup of water had been a sweeter meal to him. To what purpose, then, will he turn his overwhelming popularity, which will inevitably pass away, if he merely preach to it, and make it not of use? A Chalmers would have said, "Here is a great power come on my hands at Hatton Garden, just where I want it. A number of ennuyéd West End human beings are weary of life, because, in fact, they have nothing to do; and here also are the Fleet and Field Lane, and horrid Clerkenwell regions, weary of life too, for want of a little human sympathy and help. It is a clear case. THERE is the work to be done, and here are those who can do it, and in the doing of it find infinite blessing to their own souls. We will 'pervade' the families of this district, and sweeten it now with streams of Christian charity and human kindness." So Chalmers would have said, and straightway he would have set to organize his workmen and do his work, himself playing big fly-wheel to them all, and confident that their Christian life would grow in proportion to their Christian sympathy and service. But this, though he had seen it down in Glasgow, lay not in Irving; and one feels it almost a sublime anti-climax, a grand example of moral bathos, to find him now, at the height of popular influence, see-

ing nothing better for him to do than to go up to "Albury" conferences, and speculate on the millennium with Henry Drummond and Hatley Frere.

But, ere we go further, we must pause to take a glimpse of Irving in his domestic life. He had now fulfilled an engagement of longer standing than Jacob's—marrying, after an eleven years' courtship, the eldest daughter of a Scottish minister of quite the national type—Dr. Martin of Kirkcaldy. The first-born child was a boy, a little Edward, who was permitted to live but fifteen short months, being snatched away by hooping-cough when he had wound himself round the hearts of his parents, especially his father's, to a degree inconceivable to persons of less depth and tenderness of feeling. All through Irving's life, the influence of this overwhelming grief is seen. The death took place at Kirkcaldy, and Irving, leaving his wife behind, who had just had her second baby, had soon after to hurry up to his London duties. Knowing the desolation of her bereaved heart, and wishful to minister that balm which her home yearnings would most long for, he set himself to write and despatch to her a journal of his daily proceedings, now for the first time published, and forming the heart—and a real living heart it is—of the present biography. It is one of the few examples of this kind of writing from which one rises with a cry for more,—a thirst not as in a desert, but of pure delight. Unlike the general diary, it is not a purely private record of personal feelings and frailties—not a mere tedious register of the daily variations of the spiritual thermometer: it is a sort of hourly epistle, in which he records for his wife's comfort all the busy doings of a pious industry, and all the varied emotions of an affectionate nature; seldom or ever lying down to sleep, though he hears St. Pancras chiming the early hours, till he has duly set down all the interest and avocation of the day, and commended his distant helpmate to the care of his God and hers. The picture thus given is quite unique, in a kind of stately, antique sincerity. Like nearly all Irving's writings, even his most familiar correspondence, the style is formal, artificial, even affected, abounding in archaisms which often irritate and seldom please; and thus in his very privacy he is never quite at his ease. His

undress is but a kind of half-worn full dress. Never for a moment is he less than the priestly Edward Irving. Yet the reader soon gets over the want of ease and simplicity, as he discovers the utter guilelessness of this truthful man. Everything is told that a loving wife could wish to hear: the books he is reading, the ideas political and religious which they suggest; the sermons he preaches each Sunday, what was the text and what the line of thought, and what the effect they seemed to produce; his visits and visitors, and what they were about; his sorrows, and also the source of his consolation for the child they had lately lost; down to the state of the domestic servants, his dinner on pease soup and potatoes, which naturally did not agree with him, and the bottle of claret which he had brought from the cellar, not for himself, but for his servant Hall. Very beautiful is the man here unconsciously self-delineated, as he goes about in his faithful ministry of rebuke and instruction and comfort, bringing from his own experience, at times from his own aching wounds, helpful and encouraging words for all the flock which God had given him to feed. Opinions are often expressed with which we cannot agree. Nay, we cannot acquit him of a self-sufficient dogmatism, almost ludicrous when we consider the extreme crudeness of his notions. Thus he calls one day on young Macaulay, who had just written his article on Milton, with the view of teaching the Whig essayist, who knew ten times as much about the subject as Irving, "that he (Milton) was the archangel of radicalism, and Brougham its archfiend." He reads Bishop Overall's Convocation Book, and straightway this man, whom Hazlitt called "a modernized Covenantant," begins to lean to the Filmer doctrine of passive obedience. Yet while half of his reason was mere imagination, and so but little value attaches to his views, all this is lost sight of in the noble heroism and entire genuineness of his character, and the love and pathos and beauty of that Christian home in Pentonville. And he that could read this epistolary diary, and still ascribe mean motives to Edward Irving, would be to us a far more incomprehensible enigma than Irving ever was.

We hasten, however, though somewhat loth, to notice the singular course on which

he now entered, with such unhappy results to himself, and surely, also, so little profit to the world. Early in his London career, he had greatly estranged himself from other evangelical clergymen, for causes which were not altogether creditable either to him or to them. In his celebrated "Orations," written in a rather vague and stately vein, he had blamed other ministers for uninteresting and unintellectual preaching, which men of thought could not be expected to tolerate. He had also denounced the Churches for curtailing the divine testimony in selecting one or two special truths to which they "did sacrifice in all their discourses," and for which "they frowned heresy and excommunication on all" who sought to preach the entire Gospel, and could not be content to iterate their narrow shibboleths. In both of these accusations there was certainly a measure of truth. The living Gospel had degenerated in many cases into a traditional evangelicalism; and the pulpit, once so mighty with the London citizen, had been given over to pious platitudes hastily jotted down on Saturday afternoons. Irving honestly and with unwearied labor sought to make it otherwise,—to redeem it from this stigma, and restore it to its high function; but we need not wonder if his brethren rather drew off from the young man who had broken in on their slumbers with so stormy an assault. Still they watched his marvellous success, not unkindly on the whole, nor without prayerful interest; and by and by they held out a friendly hand, which, had Irving been either a wiser or a more worldly man, might have drawn them closer together, but which, being Edward Irving, he so grasped as only to sunder them still more. Requested to preach the anniversary sermon for the London Missionary Society, he delivered a discourse in which Mrs. Oliphant seems to glory as a sublime impracticability. Impracticable it is, sure enough; but whether that is a virtue in this poor world of ours, so much needing God's work to be actually done, and ready always to listen to sublime impossibilities and do nothing whatever, may be a question not to be blown down the wind with a sneer at Exeter Hall. Irving never thought he was more clearly serving God than in that three hours' sermon in the tabernacle where Whitfield used to draw tears from old sinners and

money for Georgian orphans. But he lost a noble opportunity of winning the confidence of those with whom he was one in heart, and who did in some degree lack the stimulus of his lofty inspiration. Henceforth, therefore, his lot was cast among a different class,—on the whole, we fear, not so likely to profit him or to be profited by him. From one of them, indeed, he might have got, as many others did, no small measure of Christian wisdom and help. But though we have heard he was accustomed to say that “Coleridge put more thoughts through him in a night than any other man in a week,” they seem mainly to have gone through him, and to have left little tangible impression on his mind. Early introduced by Basil Montague to the sage of Highgate Hill, he was a frequent listener to those mystic monologues which were at once so bewitching and so bewildering to their hearers. But Irving, though he probably learnt there to denounce an exclusive reliance on the logical understanding, and to feel an affection for any slight mystery, was comparatively little affected by the special theology of Coleridge. Here and there, indeed, his influence may be faintly traced in fragments of thought through many of Irving’s writings. The poet himself says, in his Table Talk: “Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to anything which he thought he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequence would be, that he would fall into grievous errors.” Fragments of Coleridgean thought picked up for pulpit uses were likely enough to be dangerous, as their author himself said; and Irving, an orator, with a mathematical form of mind, pressed also by the emergencies of a busy pastorate, had neither time nor turn for more profound philosophizing.

About a year after coming to London, he published his first book, the celebrated “Orations,” a work full of splendid but rather vague generalities, yet showing the inborn nobleness of its author, written, like all his treatises, except those purely polemical, in a stately and artificial style, which naturally provoked literary criticism. There was nothing, however, in the opinions expressed, whatever might be thought of the manner, to which any serious objection could be offered. Neither did his attempts by and

by to revive a higher sacramental doctrine call for particular remark. His views of baptism, indeed, which were apparently suggested by his wife, and strengthened by sad pious reflections in connection with the death of his first child, though opposed to the tone of later evangelical preaching, were more in harmony with ecclesiastical standards than the Zuinglianism which generally prevailed. We cannot agree with Mrs. Oliphant, that there is only a faint shade of difference between his opinions on this matter and those of the High Church party in England. He did indeed believe that baptized children were related to the covenant otherwise than were the unbaptized; so did all the reformers except Zuingle. He also believed that they might be, often were, in baptism regenerated, which also, with the same exception, was the common faith of Christendom during the sixteenth century; and the standards of the Church, and all the tradition of her baptismal prayers, authorized him to proclaim this as the teaching of Presbyterianism, though the evangelical preaching in Scotland had latterly tended to reduce the sacrament to a mere Zuinglean symbol. But so far was he from the ecclesiastical *opus operatum* of the Puseyite, that he asserted the possibility of infant faith in order to justify the position he held. That appears to us, as it did to Coleridge, a very absurd idea; but if baptism is a mere symbol, why pray that the child may be received into the household of God? Why believe in the possibility of such a result, if regeneration cannot then take place? The doctrine of the reformers, always excepting Zuingle, is consequent, if not very clear. That of the “adult baptists” is both clear and consequent, if it be somewhat shallow. But the midway system, which baptizes infants, and prays for them as if they might be children of God, and then teaches that in all cases they must still be converted and born again, is obviously illogical and inconsistent. Irving, therefore, falling back on the earlier creeds of Protestantism, refused to sink the Reformation theology in that of the Puritan and the Methodist.

From these sacramental studies, however he was soon called away to others of a more engrossing kind, less clearly defined also by the old waymarks of Church history. Under the excitement of the French Revolu-

tion, many pious people had found, in the books of Daniel and the Apocalypse, very comfortable light on the strange, troubled providences of the time. Almost every stormy period of modern history has been fruitful of schemes of prophetic interpretation; and Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick of Prussia, and the Napoleons, have been at one time or other, by one party or other, identified with one or other symbol of those remarkable portions of Scripture. Even Cole-ridge, dreamer as he was, had formed a platform of prophecy for himself; though what it was he never let the world know: only we may be pretty sure it was dramatic and ideal, and not historical; and if it would not have satisfied the general student, neither would it have been so easy of refutation by the stern commentary of facts as most other schemes of the kind. Irving's ideas on this subject originated mainly with Hatley Frere—a solitary, self-absorbed student—who, unable to win the public ear, seized on the famous Scotch orator as the very instrument for his purpose. At first, Irving seems to have looked at the subject with a measure of cautious reserve. Since Durham and Fleming, the Presbyterian Church had not indulged much in this vein, and at this time Irving was a vehement, even fanatical Scotch Churchman. But though he hung back for a year, the seed had been skilfully sown, the ecclesiastical weather was favorable, and Henry Drummond cultivated the soil. Of this man—clear, sharp, clever, with fine instincts, and keen, sarcastic humor, yet self-willed and self-confident, a kind of lay-pope, with a well-meaning infallibility of his own, and a bank at Charing Cross to make up for any other deficiencies—it is difficult to speak, there was so much of chivalrous worth and dash in him, so much also of the mere spoilt child of fortune. His influence over Irving was, we think, far from happy. In the beginning of their intercourse, the great preacher was more than doubtful of the wealthy banker, deeming him "more witty than spiritual;" but these doubts gradually disappeared as the "millenarian" infection worked into the system of his thoughts. For it is singular how ready he was to take up other men's ideas, and dwell upon them with an intensity of thought and imagination which at length learnt to regard them as divine and infallible verities. He could not resist apparently

any one who came to him with a ready-made set of notions: he must try them on; and once on, they seemed to him always a very wonderful fit. He had formerly read Bishop Overall, and straightway became a convert to passive obedience and civic disabilities for religious nonconformity, ready to do grievous injustice in order to maintain the theory of a Christian nation. So, in this matter of prophecy, he got bitten by Hatley Frere, and forthwith that gentleman's scheme of interpretation was glorified into an infallible key, to doubt which was to commit something like the unpardonable sin. A sublime egotism, believing in itself, demanded assent to its opinions, as to the very testimony of God, with perfect sincerity, and also with perfect humility, till by and by another egotism, equally decided, fulminated anathema and excommunication against him.

Having then been led by Frere to the study of the prophetic symbols, he was called by Henry Drummond to a conference at his country mansion, Albury Park, in order to determine from prophecy the march and coming issue of events. The conference consisted of about a score of persons, not very distinguished for either theological or historical learning, and so little versed in Hebrew that they took Joseph Wolfe for "the most learned Eastern scholar in the world." Dr. Hugh McNeile was president, and Hatley Frere the inspiring spirit, while Drummond played bountiful host and keen-witted autocrat, and Wolfe was Hebrew referee, prince of modern Orientalists. Irving seems to have been completely fascinated by these conferences, which became ere long an institution, and of which he has given a glowing account in his preliminary discourse to the work of the Spanish Jew-Jesuit, Ben Ezra.* Certainly their results were not very notable. One member, Mrs. Oliphant says, took to his bed on hearing of the death of young Napoleon; she does not say that at first he declared, "That is impossible, for it contradicts my interpretation." So we have

* Mr. Jones' Life of Irving—generally as barren as it is bare—has a story worth quoting here. At one of these meetings he says, after some debate, Irving, standing before the fire, "suffered the complaint to escape him, 'Brethren, it is a sore trouble to the flesh for a man to have more light than his neighbors.'" If not true, it is so like that it should be.

heard, however, and probably both statements are true; what better could the poor man do than go to bed in such circumstances? To Irving these assemblies proved a very baneful influence, providing for him the very element of a coterie on which he might exercise his fascination, and by which he might be separated from wholesome influences of the general world. Henceforth, as Dr. Chalmers says, "he discussed matters of curiosity rather than of conscience." Henceforth his preaching became more and more a hieroglyph of prophetic symbols—a gospel according to Daniel rather than Matthew or John. Of course there was nothing in this to which his church could take exception. Chary herself to pronounce any opinion on these matters, and rather discouraging her pastors to lead their flocks up to these misty and barren regions, still she could not find positive fault with her wayward, brilliant son. Nay, when Irving afterwards delivered a series of discourses on the subject in Edinburgh, he achieved some of his most wonderful triumphs, drawing forth crowds at six o'clock in the early May mornings to hang entranced on his stately diction and solemn tones. Yet when we review these lectures now, we cannot help marvelling how Irving could ever have persuaded himself that Hatley Frere's narrow intense view had really caught God's great vision of human history. Not that there are not fine thoughts in those discourses; there are none of Irving's writings without many such. Not that we think Christ may not come again to reign upon the earth; in such an advent there would be nothing more strange than in the first. Not that this Gentile dispensation may not, like the Jewish, wither, as these men believed it would, into a pharisaism, and a new era arise, not from its regeneration, but from its destruction. All that may be, for aught we can tell, though we hesitate in spiritual matters, as in geological, to multiply cataclysms and revolutionary convulsions. But, allowing that people may differ on such points, we cannot help feeling that history, read in the light of these prophetic discourses, becomes a very poor masquerade, in which the same personages play the most inconsistent parts to suit the emergencies of the interpretation, like the supernumeraries in a provincial theatre, now crossing the stage as soldiers, and then re-appearing as monks; at one moment

killed, and by and by favoring the company with a song. Thus the Romish Church is of course the Beast, and the old and New Testaments are the two witnesses; but when he comes to explain the death of the latter, that same Romish Church, or the branch of it in Catholic and most Christian France, has to play the part of witness, and get killed during the revolutionary frenzy. It were idle to enter into details. Irving was a very different man from Dr. John Cumming; yet essentially his prophetic system is as meagre as that of the man who turns "vessels (or cups) of bulrushes" into screw and paddle steamships; only in Irving's case it is with sorrowing pity that we witness the blind yet mighty groping of a great and noble man.

Hitherto, however, as we have said, though his career had been observed with no small wonder and not a little anxiety, not a whisper had been heard against his orthodoxy. But now, in 1827, it began to be hinted that his congregation were getting poison instead of food for their souls. Of course, Irving never dreamt he was preaching heresy—nobody ever does. Of course, too, his hearers never suspected him of it. But one fails to see the force of Mrs. Oliphant's words when she insists so strongly on these circumstances, as if truth or error depended in any measure on such considerations. The doctrine, however, which about this period began to be buzzed about as a heresy did not now for the first time appear in his ministrations. We can trace it in his epistolary journal, and more clearly in his introduction to Ben Ezra; for it seems to have been the very heart of his theology. It demands, therefore, both on its own account, and because of its influence on his future career, a somewhat detailed statement.

The Evangelical party had generally represented the atonement as the central principle of Christianity, while the incarnation held a subordinate place, being chiefly introduced in order to give a certain value and sufficiency to the sacrifice of the cross. In their sermons, therefore, they dealt chiefly with the forensic ideas of guilt, imputation, righteousness, and propitiation, the last having got a special prominence from the work of Archbishop Magee. The doctrine of Christ's person, divine and human, had

indeed been stoutly contended for in a polemical way against the Belsham and Priestley Socinians; but its other meanings and relations had been generally swallowed up in the one idea that it gave to his sufferings an infinite value. During the first three centuries, on the contrary, it was the person of Christ that formed the *summa theologia*—the all-engrossing theme alike of Christian controversy and of Christian life. The doctrine of the propitiation did not become prominent till a much later date, and did not receive the exact form in which it is now usually presented, until the time of the great Anselm of Canterbury. Thus it is clear that the doctrinal hinge on which the Gospel has been thought to turn has not at all times been the same. Christian faith in the early ages was mainly sustained by the incarnation; Christian faith of the later evangelical type has hung almost exclusively on the atonement. We have no evidence that Irving formed his opinions from a large acquaintance with the first three centuries. Nor, as far as we remember, was the precise view he took ever formally discussed in any of the controversies of those early ages, when questions about the nature of Christ were searched and agitated as they have never since been. Hence Irving and his opponents could quote from the fathers passages that seemed equally to favor either side, because the exact question at issue was not in their minds at all, though there are some phrases in Augustine that seem to touch it very nearly. How he had been led, then, to occupy the position he did, we do not know. Who, indeed, can tell what it is that regulates the fluctuation of idea in the higher world of thought? Sometimes it would appear as if certain opinions moved in great cycles, and returned, like comets, at intervals which might be almost calculated. Sometimes it would seem as if a tide of thought rose apart from any human guidance, and that, all of a sudden, men, wholly without contact or intercourse of mind, found themselves immersed in new reasonings and pledged to new conclusions. At any rate, whatever the source of it, the eloquent minister of the Caledonian Church had for some time substituted the incarnation for the atonement as the central and vivifying element of divine truth to him, fully accepting indeed the common teaching

on the latter head, but giving it the subordination of a secondary doctrine. Or rather, perhaps, we might say the incarnation was to him, as to the primitive Church, the very atonement, and the cross only its culminating fact.

So far no fault could be found; the difference between his teaching and that of evangelicalism proper, though profoundly significant and full of many changeful issues, could not have formed the ground of any formal charge against him. But now, with this ruling idea in his mind, questions naturally arose about the flesh or creaturehood of Christ, and how it was related to his brethren. And here our readers will bear in mind that the controversy which by and by arose turned on a series of fine theological subtleties, but was discussed chiefly in rough popular arguments; the result of which was, that confusions sprung up on both sides, and good men, who were at heart one, loomed to each other, like monsters, through a mist of their own creating. Thus Irving meant by our Lord's "flesh" his entire human nature, body and soul and spirit; but he sometimes spoke and wrote as if he applied it only to what Coleridge calls "the carcase," which is inert matter, incapable of good or evil in itself. Then, again, the word "nature" expressed to Irving, as to the acute controversialists of the early Church, a different idea from that of "person," and he held that there were two natures and two wills in the Lord, yet but one personality. This, however, was largely forgotten by his opponents, who represented him as ascribing to the whole person of Christ qualities which belonged only to his human nature. In like manner, the term "sinfulness" gave occasion to a deal of misunderstanding and ignorant abuse. Irving applied it to the flesh and humanity of the Redeemer, not to his entire personality; and though he speaks about it occasionally with the glowing exaggerations of an orator, he seems to have understood by it only the natural tendency of the creature to be tempted to sin, and to find a certain affinity with it. This, however, was frequently denounced as the horrible doctrine of Christ's depravity; and divines with some character for learning, talked and wrote as if "original sin" were a kind of virus and physical taint, by which the very substance of the

soul was changed, and strangely confounded the imputation of guilt with the transmission of evil tendencies.

Bearing these things in mind, then, the question that presented itself to Irving was: Since Christ became incarnate to redeem us from iniquity, did he take to him the very nature that was to be redeemed, or a nature that did not need to be redeemed? Was his humanity akin, therefore, to that of Adam before he fell, or to that which he and his posterity have since been afflicted with? This question he determined in favor of the fallen state. "He took on him the seed of Abraham," said Irving, "He was tempted in all points like as we are;" and we have to resist alike the devil, the world, and *the flesh*. Such was the nature which Christ took, but then he took it only to redeem it. With sin proper, whether voluntary or involuntary, he never supposed him for a moment to converse. None of his opponents more clearly proclaimed the absolute, undefiled holiness of Jesus. Only he ascribed this result, not to the human constitution of our Lord, but to the perpetual control of the Holy Spirit. That ought to be clearly understood now, however it might have been in the first gathering and darkening of the polemical storm. No one more than Irving loved and revered and honored "the holy child Jesus." But it seemed to him to follow inevitably from the basis of his theology, which he had planted in the incarnation, that the human nature which Christ took was the very nature in the very state from which it required to be redeemed; and that nature, as the second Adam, he now wholly sanctified unto God. At the same time, it was equally natural that those whose gospel hinged mainly not on Christ's person, but on his cross, should be startled by a statement like this. It perplexed a good many of their reasonings. For if Jesus took our fallen nature, then did not he himself require to be born again? And how could the sacrifice of such a nature be an atonement for sinful man? Did he require to redeem his own humanity? and if so, could the offering of a life which needed to be itself redeemed, be supposed effectual to save us? Moreover, Adam had been created in a state, so to speak, of perfect moral equilibrium, capable of temptation from without, but having no sinful proclivi-

ties whatever. By the fall, however, that moral equilibrium had been destroyed, and there was now a distinct bias towards evil with which all men have to maintain a perpetual, and, alas! a painfully fruitless struggle. Was it to be thought that our Redeemer was agitated by these motions of the flesh, as we are—that he had the same conflict to maintain to stanch the bitter fountain of a corrupted heart? Pious men shrank from such a conclusion, even shuddered at it, and felt that, if it were admitted, the whole framework of their gospel must rot and go to pieces. It is obvious that several of these questions spring from the merest misunderstanding of Irving's meaning. Christ's human nature did not require regeneration, because, by the theory, it was fallen, but regenerated in its very birth and being. Neither was there properly any conflict between his flesh and spirit, because the flesh, though liable to all the evil of our nature, was completely subject to its divine tenant and partner, so that not one involuntary thought of wrong ever shadowed for a moment the pure soul of Immanuel.

But it cannot be denied that, on a subject which demanded the most delicate handling, Irving spoke frequently with all the passion and exaggeration of the mere orator; so that one need not wonder if the daws about the steeple began to caw in wild alarm, as if their old cosey nests were about to be disturbed. Nay, moreover, it was no marvel that good men were startled and frightened by a doctrine which, be it right or wrong, it was not easy to adjust with other parts of the Christian system dear and precious to their souls. We may regret that this controversy was embittered with all the usual theological odium; but we cannot be astonished that the question was keenly discussed. It was natural that Mr. Haldane, a man of singular worth and piety, but without a very large mind or very liberal culture, should, from his point of view, see in Irving's doctrine nothing but danger to evangelicalism. It was equally natural for the powerful and splendid ecclesiastic who then guided the evangelical counsels of the Scotch Church, to be jealous of any innovation in the common theology of the land; for Andrew Thomson, with his sturdy logic rather than profound thought, the very embodiment of Scottish Presbyterian fervor, could hardly

have been expected to keep out of a quarrel of this kind, simply because he scarcely understood it. These, with Mr. Dods of Belford, therefore opened fire on Irving in pamphlets and Christian Instructors, to whom Henry Drummond replied with scornful trenchant wit, oddly blended with elaborate theologizing; while Irving himself answered them, deploring and denouncing the ungodly blindness and theological incapacity of the age, with a vehemence of polemical bitterness which shows, all too clearly, that the spiritual artillery would have been wielded by him quite as readily and vigorously as it was by his opponents. In these polemical tracts he drops the stately, grave, and formal style, and is altogether more natural, if a little inclined to scold. We shall have to return briefly to this point ere the close; but meanwhile we may state that, whether Irving's view was right or wrong,—and, when stripped of the different misunderstandings which his rhetorical vehemence occasioned, the question seems to be pretty much of a logomachy,—yet he has bequeathed to the churches a great problem, to the settlement of which they ought intelligently to address themselves; and that is, to determine more clearly the relations between the incarnation and the atonement. That, we apprehend, was the issue towards which he was being led by the Supreme Controller of all events. Christianity, as we have said, has, at different times changed, so to speak, its centre of gravity from the one to the other of these, and that not only with regard to religious idea, but equally in regard to spiritual life. And Irving will have served no mean purpose, if he has only called this age of ours to attempt the better adjustment of these truths, so as to secure to our Christian spirit the largeness and freedom of the incarnation theology, and also the sterner moral sense which belongs to the later evangelical idea.

Meanwhile we must turn to another exciting page of this eventful history—the Row heresy, as it was called, with its bearings, direct and collateral, and Irving's connection with them. Of these events we are furnished with a full account in the *Life of the Rev. Robert Story*, minister of Roseneath, lately published by his son. This good man, an early and dear friend of Irving, seems in his youth to have been of a

somewhat aspiring and frothy nature, and in his age rather weak, the gas having escaped,—qualities which have been transmitted with fair increase to his son and biographer. The parish of Row was adjacent to that of Roseneath, and the whole circumstances of this singular religious movement fell under the immediate observation of Mr. Story, whose life in consequence becomes of some moment, and might have been of much more, had it been written with less flippancy and a little insight.

Of the "Row heresy" itself we do not intend to say much. It is too important and delicate a subject to be gone into superficially; and besides, Mr. Irving's connection with Row had less to do with it than with the miraculous manifestations which were alleged to have taken place in the neighborhood. A young Highland minister, John M'Leod Campbell, a man, by universal admission, of singular piety and holiness, and an earnest pastor, failing to see much fruit of his labors, in the conversion of sinners to Christ, began to search for the reason of this, and came by and by to the conclusion, that the Gospel had been so overlaid and sophisticated by fathers, schoolmen, and divines, as to hide its beauty and impair its power, and that these sophistications must be got out of the way, and a simpler Gospel preached, if any good was to be done at Row. The first subject that troubled him was that of assurance of salvation, on which he came at last to be persuaded that the common notion was quite wrong, and that assurance was simply the conviction that God's record was true. This raised the question of what the Gospel record really is,—What is the message that men are to be called to believe? Here Mr. M'Leod came into contact with the old difficulty regarding the extent of the atonement, and that again raised the question of the nature of the atonement, and the warrant of the ministers of the Gospel to offer to all a pardon which the Calvinist does not hold to have been purchased for all. Good Thomas Boston and the "Marrow-men," in the eighteenth century, had found a solution of the difficulty occasioned by the limitation of the atonement, in the idea of Christ's kinsman-redeemership, and, in virtue of this relation, had felt their minds at

peace while offering salvation to all.* But this view did not satisfy Mr. Campbell. His mind at last settled in the idea of a universal atonement, the universal Fatherhood of God, and his individual love and redemption of each man who would only receive his assurance of it; though, previous to his deposition, he had not adopted those ideas which he has since developed in his work on the nature of the atonement. The General Assembly deposed Mr. Campbell from the holy ministry, holding him to have departed from the doctrine of the standards, and refusing to one who had gravitated towards Arminianism that indulgence which has commonly been shown to others whose tendencies have been to hyper-Calvinistic extremes. It would be difficult to say what General Assemblies would do now in such a case; but it may surely be believed that the natural recoil from the deposition of so holy a man, and so devoted and successful a pastor, would secure a tenderer treatment; and that even by the most strenuous of those who might hold that to such men fellowship in the ministry was impossible, a milder mode of severing the bond would be found than by the sentence of apostates, drunkards, and adulterers.

Mr. Campbell's "new light" created no small stir round the Gairloch, and over all the land. There was an awakening of religious life then, which got its first impulse from the Row kirk. Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, thrilled as with the gush of a fresh springtide; and many a pulpit, erewhile given over to a dry tradition of dogmas, kindled with the eloquence of an unwonted vitality, as men really hoped to see the salvation of their God. Apart from the truth or error of these opinions, there was a revival of spiritual life which some thought to be a Divine testimony in their favor, and which others would have discredited because of its connection with them. A deeper philosophy will discard both of these notions, and may allow the facts vouched for by all the religious biography and correspondence of the time, while yet contending that the

doctrines themselves must be tried by a very different test. Many quickenings of religious earnestness have been allied with those half-truths which are seen like morning lights about the clouds, but disappear as the day brightens. At any rate, there was a new impulse now given to Scottish piety; and it was ere long associated with those fanaticisms which are natural to such movements, and are not at the time easily separable from them. We do not mean to dwell on the strange story of Mary Campbell of Fernicarry. It is well told by Mr. Story—not quite so well by Mrs. Oliphant, whose hero never was undecieved; and his biographer, therefore, embroiders and glorifies every veil on his eyes, until it looks as like light as possible. A single word, however, will be necessary to explain the development of the tragedy.

Mr. Campbell having preached a good deal about faith and assurance, came naturally on a number of scriptural texts which led to questions about miraculous agency. Mr. Scott, also, a young licentiate of the Church, who is made to play a rather considerable part in Mrs. Oliphant's book, had been led to form somewhat decided opinions about the difference between the baptism unto repentance and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Thus the minds of a people, already somewhat excited with what to them were novelties, were led to ask, what was the nature of miracles? were they mere evidences, as the apologists of the last century said? or were they the natural manifestations of a present supernatural spirit? If the latter, why were they not wrought now? When did this mysterious force die out of the Church, if indeed it be dead? What if it is only want of faith which has deprived the Bride of these comfortable tokens of the Redeemer's presence? So far, perhaps, well. Scripture does not authoritatively limit the time for the working of "signs and wonders." We do not assert that the power is forever departed; only, we hold it our duty to sift with exceeding care, and even with wholesome scepticism, any alleged irregularity in the common course of nature. People in the midst of religious excitement, however, wrought up by such arguments to a state of pious expectation, cannot believe in a wholesome scepticism. Accordingly, a lad in Port-

* Our readers will mark that even thus early in Scotland had the problem of the incarnation intruded itself into the logic of atonement, and demanded some satisfactory adjustment, which however it did not get, for the "marrow-men" were simply denounced, though they were the very pith of national piety at the time.

Glasgow, a shipwright, of the name of M'Donald, who had previously learned to believe in such possibilities from a singular convert of the name of James Grub, one day ordered his sister, then supposed to be dying of consumption, to arise and be whole; which accordingly she did, and sat down to the family dinner. Encouraged by this success, he sent word to Mary Campbell on Gairloch, then also thought to be in a dying state, that she too, if she had faith, might be restored to health; and Mary straightway left her bed, like Miss M'Donald, and was for many years after an active, vigorous woman. She had, on her sick-bed, solemnly dedicated herself as a missionary to the heathen; but by and by, marrying a Mr. Caird, and getting into fine religious society of Drummonds and Sparrows and Manchesters, she thought better of it, and took to speaking tongues among the London quality, who did not understand them, instead of the Pellew islanders, who might perhaps have profited still less by them. For which her pastor, Mr. Story, of Roseneath, is very faithfully indignant at her; but human nature is a complex machine, and has various motive powers, into some of which it does not care to look too closely; and then, too, she was married, and under law to her husband. Whether she did right in this or not, cured she was at any rate, as well as Miss M'Donald, and afterwards Miss Fancourt in London, long a cripple, bed-ridden; and surely, it was said, now is the gift of miracles again restored to the Church. As to the conclusion, men may differ; but of the facts there can be no doubt. Some good men at the time sincerely thought them miraculous, while others as sincerely doubted. Time, which tries all, has pronounced an unfavorable verdict. We may have no satisfactory physiological explanation of such cases. The mysterious relations of soul and body have been too imperfectly explored to allow us to say that we understand the law of their occurrence. But that they were the result of law will hardly now be doubted, especially as we know that many other attempts were made to work miracles—in some cases, we believe, even to raise the dead—and that the results were not such as to encourage a very boastful publicity. But people would have it that miracles were wrought in favor of Mr. Campbell's views;

and when other signs failed, they could at least speak with tongues.

It is at this point specially that Irving becomes connected with these movements on the banks of the Clyde. His sympathies were warmly with Mr. Campbell in his ecclesiastical prosecution, as one of few who dared to proclaim the full love of God to man; and he even gave in a general adherence to his theology, being half persuaded that Christ died simply for the good of men, rather than in their room. But he was not much influenced by this. He was never accused of preaching a universal atonement, because his theme was rather the incarnation, as in the early ages. The only thing in the new theology which is specially identified with his name is the revival of Pentecostal gifts,—an instance, we think, of that intellectual weakness in the midst of wonderful power—that want of insight, and that delusive fascination to which we have ascribed the sad wreck of his noble life. Our readers, we hope, will bear with us while we try to give some explanation of this matter.

The first mention of these tongues in the Acts of the Apostles is not only the earliest, but also by far the clearest. Proceeding, then, from the clear to the more obscure, which Basil Montague might have shown Irving to be a good Baconian law, we must take the Pentecostal account as the key by which to interpret the chapter in Corinthians in which Paul gives directions for the use of those tongues. Now, it appears in the clear history of Pentecost, that when the apostles and brethren spoke, a variety of nations understood them as if they had been talking in their own mother-tongue. This might mean, either that the apostles uttered certain sounds, which were variously heard by men of different lands, and comprehended—in which view the miracle was wrought on the hearers; or it might mean that they really spoke divers known languages, and then the miracle might be called properly a gift of tongues. In any case, the speakers were understood by the hearers congregated at that season from the various nations; and the difficult passage in Corinthians must be expounded in harmony with that definite history of facts. It is opposed to all sound exposition to select the obscure as the key to the simple. Yet this is what was now

done, and that to an extent which the apostle's words to the Corinthians will by no means justify; for the supposed unknown tongues were alike unmeaning to speaker and hearer — were, as Carlyle said, mere "bedlam" and "chaos."

There seems to be some little doubt whether this gift was first exhibited by the McDonalds in Port-Glasgow, or by Mary Campbell across the Clyde on Gairloch. Irving always ascribes it to the latter. But, at any rate, it was not long confined to that obscure region. Ere long, the congregation in Regent Square church were taught to pray for it, and by and by they got what they took to be an answer to their prayers. Mrs. Oliphant has given some of the English "prophecies," but no sample of the "tongues" proper; and as this age is tolerably ignorant of these matters, we shall take the liberty of quoting a few of these remarkable utterances. One of the chief of those who spoke in London, "under the power," as it was called, was a Mr. Baxter, a Yorkshireman, highly nervous and ecstatic, who has published a book on the subject, having afterwards recanted his opinions, and declared himself to have been under the influence of the devil. His "prophecies," however, are all in English, so far as printed; and the man appears throughout to have acted in perfect good faith. It is impossible, however, to read his remarkable book without perceiving clear traces of that self-deluding power so natural to every kind of enthusiastic coterie. A small body of people gathered around a man of rare fascination, and were knit together by certain opinions with which the nation generally did not sympathize. Certain remarkable phenomena appeared among them, which are to this day not easily explained, and which they took to be the voice of God's Holy Spirit. To this conclusion they came, not because anything was spoken which transcended human knowledge, but simply because of a certain physical constraint and singularity in the utterances; added to which was another subtle ingredient, probably influencing them quite unconsciously; viz., that the words authoritatively confirmed their own opinions. Thus, Irving opposed the Reform Bill; and a prophecy came, "that it should not pass," and that "the great Captain of Waterloo would again be made prime minister." He

had denounced the Test and Corporation Act; and accordingly Mr. Baxter prophesied stoutly against it. He had been sorely grieved with the Bible Society; and a prophecy was given, "that it was a curse going through the land, quenching the Spirit of God by the letter of the word of God." He dreaded the growth of democracy; and by and by the prophet tells him that the Church of Scotland has offended God "in its popular constitution and rejection of bishops." He had declared the speedy coming of Christ; and lo! he is greeted with a "Thus saith the Lord, within three years and a half this land shall be desolate." We could easily multiply examples of this, not by any means to show that there was intentional deception, which we cannot for a moment believe; but to explain how a little clique of good men, living, moving, and having their being in a glowing atmosphere of peculiar opinions, might naturally delude themselves, and mistake their own fancies for a divine inspiration. Mr. Baxter in the end recoiled from Irving's doctrine of our Lord's human nature, in spite of its confirmation by various "utterances in the power." Many of his own vaticinations too had failed. Moreover, having gone one day to rebuke the Lord Chancellor, and his heart failing him as he contemplated the possibility of gaol or bedlam, the good man concluded he had been under the influence of the devil, as the Spirit of God could not be afraid of any lawyer that ever sat on the woolsack. A prudent Mr. Baxter, if not very wise; whom we may now dismiss, the more readily that he gives no specimen of the "tongues" proper. Nor are many such to be found, which is not to be wondered at — the speaker being in a frenzy, the hearers generally excited, and the reporter unused to such language. There was, however, a Mr. Pilkington, who once thought himself an ill-used person, and published a pamphlet, for which Irving in his grand way forgave him, because "I have heard he is in very needy circumstances, and published his book for bread." The man was mainly a fool, who fancied he had a gift for languages, and could interpret the "tongues;" but as his examples were never, so far as we know, controverted, though his claim to interpret was properly enough rejected, we may, so far, at least, avail ourselves of his aid.

Irving, Dr. Norton, Mr. Baxter, and indeed all who witnessed the phenomena, agree that these utterances, whether in English or in the "tongue," were given in a very loud voice, at first slowly, but gradually attaining to a very rapid yet clear articulation, often also with a singular musical rhythm. Mr. Pilkington having all his wits about him, gives a very minute description of one of the speakers, which has the stamp of truth on it. "Her whole frame," he says, "was in violent agitation, but principally the body, from the hips to the shoulders, which worked with a lateral motion—the chest heaved and swelled, the head was occasionally raised from the right hand, which was placed under the forehead, while the left hand and arm seemed to press and rub the stomach. . . . Then the body stayed, the neck became stiff, and the head erect; the hands fell on the lap, the mouth assumed a circular form, the lips projected, and the 'tongue' . . . came from her in an awful form. During the utterance I observed a violent exertion of the muscles of the jaw-bone, and that the stiffened lips never touched to aid the articulation of the 'tongue,' but they closed apparently enough to express the labials of the English part of the delivery, and instantly resumed the circular form." In general, also, he says that the utterance was preceded by a preparatory sound, which he represents by the syllables "cras-cran-cra-crash," spoken with a sudden and rapid vociferation. He then gives examples of the "tongue," along with his interpretation, which last the reader will take for what it is worth. "Hozehamen-anostra," is a very Belshazzar-like word; but our Daniel read it Hoze, Jesus; ha, a contraction for habeo (habebit, we should suppose); mena, hands; nostra, ours; which piece of curious quasi-Latin he translates, "Jesus will hold our hands." But his grand triumph, his *chef-d'œuvre*, which he puts as motto to his book, "Holimoth holif awthaw." Our readers will be puzzled to discover their mother-tongue in these strange syllables; but if they will imagine a Cockney with an unfortunate lisp, and an exaggerated opposition to the letter R, "Holimoth holif awthaw," will readily become "Holy, motht holy Fathaw." Worthy Mr. Pilkington, carnal-minded interpreter of spiritual mysteries, well might poor Irving entreat you

"to say no more about it." Irving verily believed these sounds to be the Pentecostal tongues; but as he gives little or no reason for his faith, we may be permitted to doubt whether the sister, with her circular mouth, and stiff neck, and odd words, was a bit more of a Pythoness than Mr. Pilkington of a Daniel. We subjoin, ere parting with this portion of our subject, a fuller specimen of these tongues, quoted from the *Morning Watch*, the quarterly organ of the new sect:—

"Hippo-gerosto hippo booros senooto
 Foorime oorin hoopoo tanto noostin
 Noorastin niparos hipanos bantpos boorin
 O Pinitos eliaastino hallimungitos dantitu
 Hampootine farimi aristos ekrampos.
 Epoongos vangami beressino tereston
 Sa tinootino alinoosis O fastos sungor O fuston
 sungor
 Eletanteti eretine menati."

The classical reader will discover in these lines an odd echo of Greek—a kind of classical rhythm too, but no construction possible. Were they spoken by a person ignorant of that tongue? Language they are not; but they are curious; and when people called them gibberish, poor Irving doubted whether this were not the very unpardonable sin. Ere returning now to the narrative, we may just add, that the English utterances, of which Mrs. Oliphant gives a few specimens,—and more of a rather better class will be found in Dr. Norton's *Life of the M'Donalds*,—were chiefly meagre and commonplace,—warnings and reproofs and ejaculations, tediously iterated,—filling us with wonder that any man could believe that the course of nature was interrupted for the expression of such crudities.

We must, however, return now to our narrative. About the time of the first appearance of these phenomena in Scotland, Irving's doctrine of Christ's human nature had begun to be called in question by a Mr. Cole—whom Mrs. Oliphant has impaled with unusual gusto—by Messrs. Haldane and Dods, and finally, by the Presbytery of London. At first his brethren there seem not to have acted in a very brotherly spirit; and though some attempt was afterwards made at holding a private conference with him, nothing came of it; nothing, in fact, ever does come of such conferences. Ere long, therefore, they brought the matter again into

court, resolved to purge the Kirk of heresy; but no sooner did they come to this resolution, than Irving, whose church stood in a peculiar relation to the presbytery, flatly repudiated their authority. He had long exalted, even exaggerated, the power of the Church. He had deplored the low state of public opinion on this head, as one of the crying sins of the last days. But no sooner is its authority exerted in opposition to his own opinions, than the presbytery becomes only "six men," to whom he never will submit. It is the old story. Ecclesiastical power is grand, divine, as long as I can wield it; a contemptible "six men," when it happens to differ from me. We do not blame him more for his new discovery than for his old ecclesiasticism: both views are wrong; only the "six men" doctrine is perhaps the least dangerous. He was now, therefore, isolated from his brethren, and haunted all the more by Cardales and Taplins, and "autocratic, plutocratic" Drummonds, who scarce left him an hour for calm reflection, but from morning till night kept up the subtle intoxication of their quasi-spiritual incense.

Circumstances being thus favorable, cut off from his presbytery, coldly regarded in Scotland, nay, openly denounced by some, Irving turned to his God for comfort, but unfortunately also to the Taplins and Drummonds. Would not the miraculous gifts, if bestowed on some of his followers, as on Campbell's, be a testimony in his favor, enough to cover his enemies with shame? Prayer-meetings, therefore, were held for this purpose, early and late, and a generally unwholesome spiritual excitement kept at a high pitch, till the boon was granted, to their exceeding joy. "We asked for bread," said Irving; "could we believe that God had given us a stone?" They were in a fit state to believe anything they wanted to believe. Yet at first he restrained the "tongues" to private assemblies. Afterwards he admitted prophecies "in the power," but in English, into his morning prayer-meetings. He would fain still, like a sober Scottish minister, keep things "decently and in order." But he was no longer master. Murmurs arose among the gifted, What right had he to silence the Spirit of God? Moreover, unseemly things happened in church. As at sea in a gale of wind, you

will sometimes witness a victim rush silently to some convenient spot, so in Regent Square church you might have seen in those days some one run into the vestry with a mouthful of the "tongue," and explode when within its quiet precincts. Irving, therefore, was forced to permit, while he tried also to regulate, these utterances in public. Of course this created a commotion. A crowd assembled, noisy, rude, unmannerly, not without danger of life even; so that he was glad to dismiss them, and heart-broken next day to find the scoffer sneering through all the morning papers. It is a sad, pitiable story, from beginning to end; and not the least miserable feature of it was, that his best friends pleaded with him to pause, mainly on the ground of his own self-interest, which the brave, true soul of him utterly spurned. And so gradually the Cardales and Taplins and Miss Halls, got him entirely to themselves, and kept hovering all day about Judd Place, incensing their idol with subtle worship,—subtle even in the impertinence of its authoritative rebukes: for had the spirit only flattered, he might have given room to a doubt; but the more it reproved him, the more he kissed the rod. We do not suppose that those who now surrounded him had any but the purest motives, or that they were other than pious, God fearing people. But if it is a crime to be silly and conceited, they were guilty, we do believe, above many.

So the Scotch National Church, Regent Square, had fallen into utter distraction; having asked a stone, instead of bread, and apparently gotten it. Meanwhile, everywhere the horizon was threatening. It is with exceeding pain that we approach the closing scenes, and a measure of indignation almost equally shared between Irving's antagonists and his biographer. Of the latter we will speak first, as it is the lighter part of the business. We have already alluded to Mrs. Oliphant's treatment of Dr. Chalmers in the earlier stages of his connection with Irving. Keeping up the same vein with a dramatic consistency to the last, she is very indignant that he did not interfere now to arrest the inevitable course of events. He did not agree with Irving's doctrine of our Lord's human nature, yet neither did he think it probably very dangerous. Mrs. Oliphant is therefore of opinion that he

ought to have come forth in its defence, and that his not doing so was a cowardly shrinking "from the requirements of his position." Irving had written to him about it; and because his reply is not to be found, she leaves him to underlie the odium of an ungenerous discourtesy. Mrs. Oliphant is a Scotch woman, and might have known that the General Assembly would not have recognized in his position any such authority as she ascribes to it. She might also have remembered that Dr. Chalmers had a very humble estimate of his own powers as a theologian, and that it would have belied his whole character to have rushed, as arbiter, into a controversy in which, from the very bent and temper of his mind, he was little fitted to judge,—all patristic subtleties being alien to him, if not incomprehensible. Yet she has left the impression that he and Irving were at one, which they were not, and that he timidly shrank "from the requirements of his position." But, indeed, all the relations of these two remarkable men are so put as to discredit and minify the thoughtful wisdom of the Scotch leader. So it is from the beginning. Chalmers cannot understand the man, whom, nevertheless, he chose for his assistant, and described as a Christian grafted on the stern virtues of the ancient Roman. Chalmers is sneered at as fretting with a paltry vanity, because his own sermon was kept cooling, while Irving prayed for three-quarters of an hour, and read the longest chapter in the Bible. Chalmers is by implication held to have been guilty of discourtesy, because a letter is not found in Irving's despoiled depositories. Finally, Chalmers plays the coward, because he did not come forward either to vindicate a doctrine which he did not believe, or else to condemn a brother on whom he might yet have to sit in judgment; and that, too, in regard to one of those subtleties on which he was, and felt himself, little able to decide. But Mrs. Oliphant biographizes on the principle that he who is not for us—me and my hero—is against us, and is of course in the wrong, and altogether wrong.

For Chalmers is not the only victim. She adopts the same course of skilful innuendo and elaborate depreciation towards Professor Scott of Manchester. Personally, we do not know Mr. Scott, and have no in-

terest to defend him. He seems, on the whole, to have come off only second-best in a newspaper encounter with his clever antagonist. But it is impossible to read the various allusions to him without feeling that, from the beginning, she means to use him as an Iago to her Othello, although she gives no facts in proof of her statements, or none in which her hero is not equally implicated. Thus, he is described as a man "whose powerful, wilful, and fastidious mind has produced on all other capable minds an impression of force and ability which no practical result has yet adequately carried out;" and further, as "a Scotch probationer, characteristically recalcitrant, and out of accordance with every standard but his own." Then, by and by, "all that is apparent of him through the long vista of years is a determined resistance to every kind of external limitation, and fastidious rejection of all ecclesiastical boundary for his thoughts." Finally, he appears before the General Assembly of 1831, "with a certain touch of chivalrous perversity which is almost amusing;" "a brilliant knight-errant, . . . proclaiming his readiness, not only to impugn the standards, but to argue the matter with the Church, and maintain against all comers, in the strength of an argumentative power which Irving calls unequalled, his solitary daring assault against the might of orthodoxy;" a very remarkable, illimitable kind of professor, reminding one of those patients who feel themselves swelling to such an extent that they are afraid of falling over both sides of the bed at once; a man finical, wilful, boundless, self-confident, able, but also barren; on the whole, a character more easily described than conceived. His friends, through Mr. Erskine, declare they have never been able to discover in him those remarkable features of perverse genius. But that would not matter, if there were facts given to substantiate the statement. Instead of that, however, we find Mr. Scott, in his youth, holding the doctrine of our Lord's human nature, which he had learned from Irving; we find him thinking the baptism of repentance to be a different thing from the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which Irving learnt from him; we find him, on general grounds, expecting miraculous gifts, but for special reasons doubting the mirac-

ulous source of trite commonplaces; we find him believing in a universal atonement, to which Irving also inclined; we find him finally defending himself by an appeal from the standards to the Scriptures, which Irving also did in the Presbytery of London, where, moreover, he left a solemn prophetic denunciation on them as "a court of anti-christ," because they held such appeal to be out of order. The only point of difference between them appears, on the whole, to be in Mr. Scott's favor. For Irving held that his doctrine and custom accorded with the standards, and that, in consequence, he was entitled to retain his church; in which case he had really no call to do more than prove his case from the Confession of Faith. Scott, on the other hand, perceiving that he had departed from those standards, declined to sign them, gave up his prospects in the Church, and might, with some force, claim a hearing for the reasons which constrained him to take such a step. It is easy, by skilful adroitness, to create a prejudice against one who dealt thus honestly with his convictions, whether these were right or wrong; but, for Irving's own sake, we must protest against such a course, for it creates a feeling of prejudice against him, as if he could only be vindicated by offering the Scotts and Chalmerses a sacrifice to his manes.

As to the conduct of the ecclesiastical authorities, it is at once painful to follow them in the course they took, and difficult to see what other they could have taken. No doubt there was a kind of heresy-panic abroad in the Scotch Church at this time—a pious stampede, forgetting in sheer fright alike judgment and mercy. The moderate party, afraid of all that is not decorous and respectable, eagerly seized on any dogmatic flaw in those who could not be satisfied with a dull religious decorum. The evangelicals, on the other hand, trembled lest their earnest religious life might be discredited by an alliance with errors in doctrine, which the Scotch people would not tolerate. Both were thus united in intense dread of heresy, and forgot that Campbell and Irving were better and more spiritual servants of Christ when they deposed them than when they had ordained them. But matters in Regent Square had fallen into sad unprofitable disorder. Scotch elders, therefore, so loyal

hitherto, began to complain, to entreat, to withdraw; to Irving's great sorrow, but nowise moving him from his adopted path. A grand, heroic faith, thinks Mrs. Oliphant—the heart-broken, but brokenly living on according to its convictions, with grief devouring it, and ruin before it. Yes, if there be any reality to believe in and die for. But what if it be a mere will-o'-wisp, which a man of common insight ought to have seen through? Is it all one,—faith in a living God, and in a mere mumbo-jumbo? Sensible people reckon there is a difference; but it is not recognized in this loyal biography, though Mrs. Oliphant is both a sensible and an able writer. At any rate, the trustees of Irving's church held themselves bound to maintain worship there according to the simple forms of the Scottish Church. Surely, he would not force them to take steps as disagreeable to them as to him; so they urged him to put an end to the Taplins' and Cardales' prophesying, or at least to keep them in the vestry, or, if that might not be, to use them only on week days; really showing a deal of forbearance, and willing to make any reasonable compromise of the matter. Irving asked for some days to consider the question, but on the Sunday after, announced that "probably the doors of the church would be closed against him during the week . . . because he refused to allow the voice of the Spirit of God to be silenced." Further, he told his audience to come to church there no more, since "the Spirit of God had been cast out, and none could prosper who came to worship there." Of course Irving believed what he said; but clearly it was a begging of the question, and was fitted to irritate the trustees, who never meant any such thing. Nor were they likely to be mollified when he wrote to them shortly after: "I do you solemnly to wit, men and brethren, before Almighty God, that whosoever lifteth up a finger against the work which is proceeding in the Church of Christ under my pastoral care, is rising up against the Holy Ghost." With such a wrong-headed infallibility it was difficult to deal; but the presbytery was the proper court to determine the matter. So Irving had to appear there, at the bar of the "six men," for the trust-deed authorized them to act on appeal from the elders or trustees; and one cannot read the trial without admiration of

the high-toned nobleness of his soul, contrasted with the hard, petty, and at times ungenerous spirit of his judges. In its judicial capacity, a presbytery is a singular anomaly in British jurisprudence. It is at once judge, jury, prosecutor, and advocate. It has cumbrous antiquated forms, and yet allows the wildest irregularities. Mrs. Oliphant seems to have been terribly disenchanted by her first look into its procedure. Probably she would be equally astonished could she retire with a jury, and listen to the grounds on which decisions are often come to by that palladium of British freedom. Yet, on the whole, both are valuable institutions, helpful to justice and fair play in their way. Not that we agree with the verdict of the presbytery in this case. There had been irregularity, but not illegality, in Regent Square. There is no statute forbidding prophecy in the Scotch Church; nor is custom so uniform as to allow no room for such exercises. "The men" in the Highlands, and the many during late revivals, have done quite as extravagant things even in this day. But what could the presbytery do with one so sublime and impracticable? We pity them; and yet, when we remember the man, so earnest, so spiritual, so loving, so abundant in labors, so fruitful in every good work, oh, surely, some means might, ought to have been devised, by which this holy and beautiful vessel would have been retained for the service of the sanctuary which he loved. We fancy we would tolerate a good deal of confusion to have an Edward Irving among us to-day.

So he departed from Regent Square to Gray's Inn Road, where Owen taught philanthropic infidelity, and then to West's Picture Gallery in Newman Street, where the prophets organized a new church system for him. But he was not yet done with suffering. In Scotland, the Assembly of 1821, zealous for orthodoxy, had instructed its presbyters, if he ever appeared among them, to see to his doctrine about the person of Christ. He never did appear among them, and so they might have let him alone among his angels in Newman Street. True, they still had, in virtue of his ordination by them, a shadowy responsibility. They were entitled to take action; but what call was there, since no one regarded him now as a clergyman of their Church? However, the heresy-panic was strong; and though sorrow was breaking his heart, fear is always pitiless, and never can understand that forbearance may be highest faithfulness. So his beloved and honored Church of Scotland put her heel upon him—perhaps the bitterest

thing he ever had to bear. We have no heart to go through the details of this second trial. At first, we believe, he was reluctant to obey the summons of the Presbytery of Annan, and was only persuaded to go by the "prophets," who had an object to accomplish in formally sundering the connection between him and the Church of his fathers. Go, at any rate, he did, and had his doctrine condemned by a tribunal of plain country ministers, little able to decide on such a matter. But Mrs. Oliphant might have remembered that it was in his power to have carried the matter by appeal to the higher courts, and thus gotten what "general council" the Church of Scotland had to offer. If a suitor is cast in the Sheriff or County Court, we do not blame his country for judging high matters in second-rate judicatories; for we know he may bring his case to the House of Lords, if he choose. Irving, however, was certainly condemned as holding opinions which in fact he anathematized. Both he and his judges believed in the perfect holiness of Christ. Both also believed in his having a "fellow-feeling of all our infirmities, but without sin." The only question between them was, Whether the sinlessness of our Lord's human nature, belonged to its constitution, or to the superadded grace of the Spirit. Irving held the latter view—perhaps an error, but hardly one to call for deposition of a faithful servant of God. Deposed, however, he was; for the Commission of Assembly, transgressing, as it has too often done, its constitutional jurisdiction, had virtually ordered him to be condemned. Readers who may turn to the report of his trial, will find it difficult to read, through blinding tears, the pathetic reminiscence in which he indulges when he recalls to mind, as he stood at the bar, that this was the place where he had been baptized, where he first sat down at the communion-table, and where he had been ordained by his fellow-presbyters, who now, alas! in the name of the same Christ, were about so different a work. We scarce know what to say about it. Mere panic-fear was at the root of it—decorous moderation coldly condemning, and timid evangelicalism vehemently urging, lest it should be thought to partake of heresy; altogether showing more ecclesiasticism than Christianity. And yet what can be done with a sublime wrong-headedness, piously submitting to its Drummonds and Taplins? What can be done now, but to lament that something else was not, at least, intelligently tried to be done?

After his deposition, Irving remained for a short time in Dumfriesshire, preaching to vast congregations in his native glens and

churchyards—preaching daily to some ten thousand people with that rich and powerful voice, which was not only a mighty sound, but a far mightier spell. On his return to London, Mrs. Oliphant represents him as having been anew deposed by the Newman Street authorities, which is an unintentional mistake on her part. The prophets had indeed already determined that his Scotch ordination, though valid, was inferior to theirs, and that their angels must get the authority of direct inspiration. Probably they would have required him to go through a new form, even if he had not been deposed by his presbytery. But this act seemed to clear the way for their operations. He does not appear to have been laid aside from preaching, but only from administering the sacraments, and even that for only a very short time. We quote an account of the matter from a letter of his own, printed for private circulation:—

“April (probably 5), 1833.

“On the Lord’s day before the last, when, as usual during the forenoon service, I proceeded to receive into the church the child of one of the members, . . . the Lord by the mouth of his apostle arrested my hand, saying that we must tarry for awhile. Though I wist not wherefore this was done, I obeyed, and desired the parent to postpone it. Then the Lord further signified it was his will we should know, and the whole church should feel, that we were without ordinances, to the end we might altogether feel our destitute condition, and cry to him for the ordinances from heaven. Then I discerned that he had indeed acknowledged the act of the fleshly church in taking away the fleshly thing; and that he was minded, in his grace, to take us under his own care, and constitute us into a church directly in the hands of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.”

Such is Irving’s own account of the matter. One sees in it the faithful consistency of a mind that failed not in its logic, but only in its intuitions. Granted the foundation, and all was clear and consequent, even beautiful. As to those who imposed their authority thus on him, we may fairly give them the benefit of the same principle. They, too, were quite consistent. But they might have felt that there was a heartlessness in their silliness, when in the hour of his great sorrow they thus, even for a moment, endorsed the bitter sentence under which he groaned. And although not forbidden to preach—happily he had an authority for doing that above either kirk or prophet—it is certain his eloquent voice was often silenced, while the Drummonds and Taplins edified the church by such strains as these, uttered “in the power,” but certainly not of brains:—

“Oh, oh, she shall replenish the earth! Oh, oh, she shall replenish the earth, and subdue it, and subdue it!” or these:—

“Ah! Sanballat Sanballat, Sanballat, the Horonite, the Moabite, the Ammonite! Ah! confederate, confederate, confederate with the Horonite! Ah! look ye to it, look ye to it!”

And poor Irving sat silent, and reverently suffered their rebukes, being often “in error,” and forced to acknowledge it, for he was not “accounted worthy” to enjoy the gift himself, for which we at any rate are profoundly thankful, seeing that God had granted him another of considerably greater moment.

The sick lion had got his last kick from the thistle-eater; but he took it meekly, as precious ointment. Ere long sent down to Scotland by these “Sanballat” prophets, he caught cold, which settled on his chest. Weary, worn, hopeless, he drooped and bowed his head when he returned. But they would not let him alone. In very silliness, we believe, they haunted his house, and wore him out with their babblement, not seeing that the hand of God was upon him. We confess to a choking sense of mingled scorn and grief as we read this part of the story. But we are glad to be able to contradict the report that his last journey to Scotland was by order of the prophets, and against the advice of his medical advisers. Against the opinion of the latter it was, but not by command of “the power.” An utterance had indeed been given that he should return and order matters in Scotland; but within a week it was countermanded, “because he was not fit to do the Lord’s work there”—probably not having “the tongues,” poor man, but only intellect, eloquence, and lofty faith and piety. Go, however, he did, alone, in weakness—going home to die. His journey is recorded in a series of letters, chiefly to his wife—holy, human, tender epistles, with a strange delusive hope in them, unspeakably tragic, knowing, as we do, the fateful shadow to be following step by step. Yet he reached Glasgow, even preached there, and then at length lay down to rise no more. There exists a tender record of his “last hours”—a testimony of love and sorrow which one reads half-blinded with tears. Two or three letters also were printed for his congregation, written to them in those dying days, which Mrs. Oliphant has not printed—why, we do not know. Substantially they describe the same man as we have seen him throughout—a true, loving, faithful spirit, whose whole life, through all its delusive splendors, said plainly, “Whether I live, I live unto the Lord;” and whose last words were, “Whether I die, I die unto the Lord.”